THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIII. NO. 12. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1894.—THIRTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THOMAS DAVIS.

Highly Interesting Lecture on the Life, Works and Purposes of the Patriot-Poet by E. Haviland-Burke.

How the Author of "Fontenoy" Aimed to Unite and Make Brothers of All Classes and Creeds in Ireland.

[*Independent, March 3.*]

Last night Mr. E. Haviland-Burke delivered a lecture at the National club, Dublin, on "The Plain Speaking of Thomas Davis." The subject was treated in a most interesting manner, and the address was thoroughly appreciated by a large audience. Among those present were M. Manning, John Murphy, Clontarf; J. Gregan, Miss Gade, T. Gade, the Misses Higges, A. K. Nolan, Joseph Kennedy, P. V. Hendrick, J. P. Kavanagh, J. A. Kavanagh, R. Stewart, J. O'Leary Curtis, L. McNabb, J. O'Mahony, J. O'Riordan, J. Delaney, John Henaghan, J. Curtis, H. O'Donnell, M. Keating, J. C. Mangan, J. F. McNamara, Mr. Hill, T. W. Brewster, Miss Salt, P. Ryan, J. Moran, J. Kavanagh, Miss Egan, Miss Hobb, F. Dignan, J. O'Callaghan, J. P. Burke, John McBride, secretary literary committee, and many others.

Mr. John Murphy was made chairman, and in opening the proceedings said he was sure they would hear a lecture which would be both instructive and patriotic.

Mr. Haviland-Burke said that according to a certain school of modern politicians, one of whom had denounced Charles Stewart Parnell as the descendant of a Cromwellian, Thomas Davis, born at Mallow, on Oct. 14, 1814, had no right to meddle with Irish affairs, for Davis was the son of an English army surgeon, and he himself, in a letter to a friend, remarked that "he was descended on his mother's side from a Cromwellian settler." But he did not allow such considerations to deter him from doing his duty to the land of his birth. The largeness of the space which his name filled in the history of the period was specially remarkable when they recalled the fact that he did not attain any prominence till about six years before his early and untimely death in the September of 1845, when barely 31 years of age. For a long time only a few of his most intimate friends had the faintest conception of his real greatness. Jealous men did their best to keep him in the background. Prejudiced men suspiciously remarked that his blood, accent, manners and appearance were not properly Celtic. But he was content to bide his time; and in the years of his waiting he stored his mind with the treasures of knowledge and experience, studying history and human character, Irish antiquities and foreign politics.

Davis was educated at Trinity college, and first proclaimed the doctrine of Irish Nationality in that centre of Protestant and Conservative ascendancy. He was appointed auditor of the College Historical Society in 1840, and, in an address to its members, boldly proclaimed that Protestant ascendancy—except such ascendancy as could be established by Protestant intellect and patriotism, in fair competition with the Catholics of Ireland—was absolutely doomed. He rebuked that contempt for Irish history and Irish antiquities, for which Trinity college was only too conspicuous, and the snobbish belittling of everything Irish that too many people thought it necessary to affect. But, above all, he insisted on duty of patriotism, and the poor figure that the Irish nobility and gentry had cut—not alone in Ireland, but in England as well, since a National parliament had disappeared. Davis asserted that the cosmopolite was unnatural, base; and that a man's first duty was to his own nation. He (the lecturer) thoroughly agreed with that view.

If ever they found an Irish Nationalist getting into the habit of talking in a large and general way of democracy with a capital D, they might be sure that the fire of nationality was burning less brightly in that man's soul. The civilization of the world had not been built up by men whose brains were filled with schemes for the universal regeneration of mankind, but by those whose intellects and activities were concentrated first of all, and above all, upon the welfare of their own country. This fearless preaching of their duty to the gentry of Ireland, this appeal to them to take a proper and manly part in national affairs, involved no compromise with the evils of Protestant ascendancy, for Davis heaped unsparing ridicule and condemnation on the "English garrison" theory of Irish government. But he preached the doctrine that just as it was not only the interest but the duty of Irish gentlemen to participate in the national movement, so it was not only ungenerous, but unwise, to slight their services if honestly placed at its disposal. He fiercely and unceasingly denounced the crimes committed against the people whom he loved so well. But he clung tenaciously to the ideal of Nationality so nobly proclaimed in the prospectus of the *Nation* newspaper—a nationality embracing all creeds, classes and races of Irishmen. This fearless preaching of the truth was Davis' special quality and power. He had an ingrained contempt for the arts of flattery, of vilification, and of pettifogging finesse as applied to the advancement either of an individual or a nation. He despised melodrama and mock heroics in the serious business of political warfare. He spoke the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, whether of friend or foe, whether of fellow-countrymen or foreigners. "The slave's vice of paltering with the truth," he wrote, in an early number of the *Nation*, "clings to our people like the rust of chains. They must unlearn the practice of boasting and exaggeration. They must learn—hard task to a demonstrative, imaginative people—to be direct and literal; to be prompt in saying, 'This is not true; I will not believe it. This is not true; I will not say it. This is not true; I will not do it.' "

Many latter-day leaders of the Irish race at home and abroad might be horrified at the thought of addressing their fellow-countrymen in such a style, and would tell us that the newspaper which adopted it would injure its circulation, and that an orator who adopted it would reduce his influence. The reply was that this style made the strength and fame of Thomas Davis and Young Ireland. This style rallied Irishmen of all creeds and classes round a National standard as they have never been rallied since. This style, within six months of the first issue of the *Nation*, raised the Repeal rent frm £60 to an average of nearly £300 a week and that restored life to a movement that had seemed dead beyond hope of resurrection. It was the influence of Young Ireland that drew into the front of the National ranks such men as James Haughton, John Mitchel and William Smith O'Brien. When first the Young Irelanders came upon the scene, O'Connell had scarcely a single Irishman of any social or intellectual prominence enlisted in the struggle for a National parliament. Within three years from that time, not only were the Catholics of Ireland rallied from the profound apathy into which they had fallen when Catholic Emancipation was achieved, but Orangemen were being expelled from their lodges on account of their Nationalist proclivities—noblemen and country gentlemen were being struck off the Commission of the Peace for the same offense—numerous merchants, capitalists and professional men, hitherto assumed to be absolutely indifferent or absolutely hostile, were giving work and money in abundance to the popular cause—and in the year 1845 Davis had a list of no less than eighteen Irish peers who were actual or reasonably probable supporters of the Nationalist revival. And all this was done, not by grovelling flattery any more than by indiscriminating abuse, but by plain speaking. He never flattered his colleagues and he never countenanced vulgar slander of his political opponents. "We dislike," said he, "the whole system of false disparagement. The Irish people will never be led to play the manly part which liberty requires of them by being told that the Duke of Wellington, that gallant soldier and most able general, is a screaming coward and a doting corporal." The lecturer, who illustrated many of his points by quotations of a striking character from Davis' works, said that Davis' ideals of an Irish parliament should be laid to heart by those who aspired to nationality.

Davis would have repudiated the statement that Gladstone's legislature was better than Grattan's parliament. And if Davis were among them now he would protest against the cowardice and the dishonesty of telling the English that Gladstone's legislature—however great an improvement it might be upon Dublin Castle—could be accepted as a final settlement of the national demand. The lecturer proceeded to deal at length with O'Connell's alliance with the English Whigs, an alliance for which there was much to be said, but which led to wholesale place-hunting and the gradual weakening of the stamina of Nationalism. "Put no faith in Toryism, and as little in Whiggery"—that was Davis' doctrine in the very first number of the *Nation*. "The interest of Ireland is wholly irrespective of the question who is to be the next judge, bishop or policeman." If Davis were alive at the present day, he would probably add: "or the next Justice of the Peace." The band of young men of whom Thomas Davis was the chief truly lifted the Repeal movement out of the mire, although in doing so there was, unhappily, repeated friction between them and the Liberator. But the first deplorable outbreak of hostilities between O'Connell and the Young Irelanders was on a question of education—one to which Davis attached supreme importance. The government of the day introduced the famous scheme for the establishment of provincial colleges, and Davis, subject to certain amendments being made, supported it, and took a view of its character different from the view entertained by many of the Irish bishops. O'Connell was so ill-advised as to use this incident as an occasion upon which to strike down Thomas Davis. The newspaper, the name of which is immortally associated with the finest literature and nationality of those days was howled at as "the godless *Nation*," and a shocking attempt was made to brand with the stigma of irreligion these young men who had given their all for Ireland's sake. A truce was patched up for a time, and poor Davis died before the quarrel blazed out fiercely again, and before the Young Irelanders were driven from the Repeal Association. He was thus spared the bitterness of seeing the ruin that was then to come upon his beloved country. But his writings were a precious legacy to young Nationalists in these difficult and troubled times. Let them study those writings—let them mark their lofty and honest patriotism—and let them remember Ireland's appeal to her sons, as expressed in those beautiful lines written by Samuel Ferguson on the occasion of Davis' death:

Oh! brave young men, my love, my pride, my promise,
'Tis on you my hopes are set.
In manliness, in kindliness, in justice,
To make Ireland a nation yet.
Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
In union, or in severance, free and strong;
And if God grant this, then, under God, to Thomas Davis
Let the greater praise belong.

The chairman, in commenting on the remarks made by the lecturer, said the name of no one occurred to him that would compare with that of Davis for the amount and brilliancy of his work. The movement of which he was the bright and particular star was one of the most essentially Irish and National that had taken place since the famous rebellion or uprising of Hugh O'Neill (applause).

On motion of Mr. Kavanagh, seconded by Mr. M. A. Manning, and supported by Mr. O'Leary Curtis, a vote of thanks to the lecturer was unanimously adopted, after which the proceedings terminated.

MRS. HART'S IRISH VILLAGE.

Mrs. Ernest Hart's Irish Village is fated not to be forgotten. The doors of Drogheda Gateway had not closed upon the public in the Midway Plaisance before Mrs. Hart had received an offer from Mr. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, to transport her village, with its cottages, its spinners, weavers, dyers and lace-makers, to his great store at Philadelphia. The offer was accepted, and in the gallery of this vast store, which covers not less than fifteen acres of floor space, was set up a street of cottages, where, under the thatched roofs and beside the hooded chimneys, the boys and colleens were again to be found dyeing the wool in the potato pot from the wild plants of the bog, spinning the thread on the humming "wee wheel," and weaving the solid "Hand and Heart Homespuns" which Mrs. Hart has made so famous. Here the "Kells Linens" of brilliant colors are again woven, and a splendid exhibit of linens of iridescent tints and magical colors just invented and imported by Mrs. Hart, attracted the attention of all visitors.

The village ran for two months and was visited by thousands of people, and excited a most lively interest. Exhibits and shows are, however, only temporary and a means to an end. The end being a solid and permanent business in the country in which attention has been attracted by the exhibit. So much attention has been aroused throughout America by the exhibition of the beautiful linens, woolens, laces and embroideries, shown at Mrs. Hart's Irish Village, and which obtained for their excellence no less than thirty-five medals, being a higher number of awards than was obtained by any other exhibitor at the World's Fair, that we feel sure that all those who are interested in the development of Irish industries will be glad to learn that the products of Mrs. Hart's industries are to be found in most of the leading retail houses in America. At Messrs. Arnold and Constable's, of New York, the beautiful colored Kells Art linens, the "Hand and Heart Homespuns," and the popular Irish laces are to be obtained, and Messrs. Hollander, Hovey, and Stearns, of Boston, Wanamaker, Homer, and LeBoutillier, of Philadelphia, and Marshall Field, of Chicago, have all either placed or promised orders for the products of Mrs. Hart's trained workers.

It will thus be seen that Mrs. Hart is not content with merely creating a public impression and arousing enthusiasm. She has established permanent industries in the poorer parts of Ireland, and she aims at obtaining permanent outlets in the wealthier parts of America. In electing to place her goods with the leading distributing houses of America she is showing accurate business judgement, and the great houses in placing their orders for these goods demonstrate that they are in the highest degree marketable and excellent. Mrs. Hart has also opened an office at No. 203 Rothschild Building, West Broadway, New York, where all information can be obtained and where communications should be addressed to her.

Not neglecting, however, the exhibition element, she has at the Midwinter Fair at San Francisco a large space in a prominent place in the Manufactures Building for a collective exhibit of Irish industries. To this effort to introduce Irish goods to the notice of our compatriots of the West all Irishmen should give a warm and hearty support. The Irish stall at the Midwinter Fair will be found opposite the main entrance and next the offices of the Commissioners of Great Britain and Ireland.

We should not forget that Mrs. Hart was the first to hoist the Irish flag at the World's Fair, and to maintain it there to the end, and for this service alone all Irishmen should serve her, as well as for being the promoter of the Irish cottage industry movement. The success of her enterprise in America means the removal of much of the poverty of Ireland.

Man's Inhumanity to Himself.

The most inhuman outrages, outrages which would disgrace the savage, man perpetrates upon his own system by swallowing drastic purgatives which convulse his stomach, agonize his intestines and weaken his system. Many people constantly do this under the impression that medicaments only which are violent in their action, and particularly cathartics, are of any avail. Irreparable injury to health is wrought under this mistaken idea. The laxative which most nearly approaches the beneficent action of nature is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is painless but thorough, and invigorates the intestinal canal instead of weakening and irritating it. The liver and the stomach share in the benign discipline instituted by this comprehensive medicine, whose healthful influence is felt throughout the system. Malarious, rheumatic, kidney and nervous complaints succumb to it.

ENGLISH FREE TRADE.

The Hon. A. L. Morrison Continues to Bombard the "Soup House" Party With Proofs of the Fallacy of Low Tariff.

Some Very Interesting Statistics for the Uninformed.

[*For The Citizen.*]

PART VI.

If Gen. McMahon does me the honor of reading these papers I desire his special attention to the following figures, from official and Democratic authorities, they are well worth the careful study of all honest citizens who are trying to find some way out of the present slough of Democratic despondency.

At the beginning of the rebellion our national debt was about $47,000,000, and as the Republican party was then in its infancy, none of that could be charged against it. Now, let us suppose that the rebellion had not been forced upon us and that the Republican policy of Protection with all its attendant benefits had been in operation, the above debt would have been liquidated in a single year and the billions of dollars which we have paid in principal and interest would have been saved to the people. It would be a bootless task to explain at any length as to why our debt increased so enormously since 1860; suffice it to say that it was part of the price paid for the preservation of the Union. A glance at the following marvelous figures will show in a vivid manner some of the work of the Republican party which is mainly owing to the protective tariffs which have been in force ever since the war. In 1867 the public debt amounted to $2,678,126,103.87; today it is about $800,000,000; that is to say, we have paid in twenty-seven years the enormous sum (in round numbers) of $1,878,000,000, thus reducing the debt per capita from $69.26 to $14.22. We, of course, saved the interest on that [illegible] reduced the rate of interest [illegible] to 5 per cent to 3 or 2½ per cent. Now, what has England (the Free Traders' paradise) done in twenty-five years? In 1865 her debt was $3,848,460,000, and in 1890 it was $3,350,719,563, thus showing a reduction of $498,740,437, being $1,379, 259,437 less than we have paid. In 1880 our debt was $38.83 per capita. the average of all foreign countries was 35.62. In 1890 our debt was $14.94 per capita, while that of the rest of the world was $38, more than twice as large as ours.

Mr. Mulhall, of the Royal Society of London, remarks in his "Balance Sheet of the World" "It would be impossible to find a parallel to the progress of the United States in the last ten years. Every day that the sun rises upon the American people it sees an addition of $2,500,000 to the accumulation of the wealth of the Republic, which is equal to one third of the daily accumulation of all mankind outside of the United States."

Here is marvellous financiering of which the greatest of the world's statesmen might well be proud. It has gained the praise of even the London *Times*, which says: "The finances of the United States may excite the envy, not only of England, but of Europe." The only people on earth who can see nothing to admire in this splendid showing are the Democrats and their mugwump allies, who cannot see anything praiseworthy in the Republican party nor any member thereof.

Under the Protective policy, our population in thirty years has doubled, growing from 31,443,321 in 1860 to 62,622,250 in 1890; our foreign commerce increasing from $687,192,176 in 1860 to $1,759,330,896 in 1891, the face of the public debt meanwhile falling from $2,678,126,103.87 in 1867 to $1,552,140,204.73 in 1890, and the per capita debt from $69.26 to 14.22. In 1866, thirty-five millions of people paid $310,906,984 of direct taxation, where only $120,000,000 are now collected from a population nearly twice as great. In the sixteen years from 1874 to 1890, the savings banks in whose statistics are to be found the surest test of an industrial policy, have grown in number from 674 to 921, their deposits increasing from $759,946,632 to $1,550,023,956, and their total resources from $922,794,562 to $1,742,617,001. It is a striking comment on the comparative results of Protection and Free Trade that the savings bank deposits of the American people are three times as great as those of the people of the United Kingdom. In 1886 the deposits in British banks amounted to but $480,222,055, while in America they reached a total of $1,235,736,069. The average to each depositor in Great Britain was $89; in America it was $361. These are the figures that tell the financial condition of those who constitute the bone and sinew of the land. In twenty years American production of wheat has grown from 235,884,700 bushels to 490,560,000 bushels; of corn, from 874,320,000 bushels to 2,112,892,000 bushels; of cotton, from 3,114,592 bales 7,313,726 bales; of wool, from 150,000,000 pounds to 276,000,000 pounds; of petroleum, from 5,558,775 barrels to 27,615,929 barrels; of pig iron, from 1,665,179 tons to 7,603,642 tons; of tobacco, from 313,724,000 tons to 565,795,000 tons, and the total cereal crop from 1,450,789,000 bushels to 3,209,742 bushels. The value of farm animals has increased from $1,227,111,822 in 1868 to $2,418,766,028 in 1890. The railroad mileage has increased from 44,614 in 1871 to 166,000 in 1889, and the investment from $2,664,627,645 to $9,323,645,089. In twenty years the annual production of coal has grown from 45,000,000 tons to 125,000,000 tons; of mineral products, from $350,000,000 to $620,000,000.

Mr. Peck, the Democratic commissioner of statistics of New York, whom his political friends endeavored to send to the penitentiary for speaking the truth, in his official report, makes the following statements: "Within one year after the passage of that 'sum of all iniquity,' the McKinley act, there was a net increase of mechanics' wages in that State alone of $6,377,925, being an average increase of the wages of 285,000 employes of $23, while the increase of fifty-one trades cited in the report was $43.96 for every person engaged therein per annum. The superintendent of the banking department informs us that on Jan. 1, 1889, there were 1,962,852 depositors. This was a year and a half before the McKinley bill went into effect. Two years after it became a law, or on July 1, 1892, the number of depositors had increased to 1,556,133. In other words, there were 193,201 more persons depositing money in the savings banks of New York in 1892 than there were in 1882. The increase in the deposits during the three years and a half has been nearly $87,000,000. From Jan. 1 to July 1, 1892, the increase has been $10,000,000.

In 1859 the Democratic secretary of state reported that in New York there were 261,155 paupers in a population of 3,500,000. That was at the close of fourteen years of a "tariff for revenue only," and the census bulletin of Jan. 13, 1892, reported that the same state with 5,997,853 population, had only 10,272 paupers; this, after thirty years of Protection, or in other words, forty-five paupers under the Democratic policy to one under Republican Protection. No Democrat has ever, to my knowledge, attempted to explain this glaring exposure of the degrading effects of his pet theory. As the Democrats are the professional workingman's friends, it will not be amiss to inquire in what way they have carried out their professions. Labor is the workingman's only capital, and it follows that the higher he can sell it the better off he will be. I like to quote Democratic authorities, and here is one Mr. Edward Atkinson, who is now engaged in helping Cleveland wreck the McKinley act, in the *Forum* of May, 1892, makes the following honest confession. Cut it out and preserve it, my good Democratic friends: "There has been, during the twenty-seven years since 1865, subject to temporary variations, a steady advance in the rate of wages, a steady reduction in the cost of labor per unit of product and a corresponding reduction in the price of goods of almost every kind to the consumer. There never has been a period in the history of this or any other country when the general rate of wages was as high as it is today, nor a period when the workman, in the strict sense of the word, has so fully secured to his own use and enjoyment such a steadily and progressively increasing proportion of a constantly increasing product."

A. L. MORRISON.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The Schiller is closed this week, Holy week, the last of Lent. Manager Thomas W. Prior decided upon this for several good reasons. With keen business judgment, he has noticed for seasons past, the materially decreased box-office receipts during Holy week, and has rightly attributed it to the proper source, namely a religious sentiment pervading society at large. Next week, Easter Monday night, the 26th, the curtain will rise on the first production in this country of the successful English comedy, "Charley's Uncle." This play has had a phenomenal run at the Terry Theatre, London, and will be presented with a splendid cast of clever and competent people.

"Charley's Uncle" is a provokingly funny and delightfully farcical play. There is bright and sparkling fun all through it, bubbling up in every act, and indeed in every scene. The piece tells a funny story in which there are constantly recurring comical situations. The principal characters are an old gentleman, his nephew (who is secretly part proprietor of a music hall), and his niece (a somewhat rapid young lady who is mad of boxing). The old gentleman, in order to cure his nephew, Charles, of what he calls a predilection for nocturnal perambulations—"stopping out late at night" you or I would term it—seeks the assistance of a professor of hypnotism, who is to put the young wanderer, "under influence," and then order him forevermore to come home early. The nephew, discovering his uncle's intent, thinks it good enough to have first turn, and accordingly uses the mysterious influence with his uncle, making him live again something of the life of his youth, when he was known as "Jack the Flyer."

THE IRISH LITERARY REVIVAL.

[*To the Editor.*]

You were good enough to state in a recent issue that I was engaged on a history of the present revival in Irish literature, or rather of the Irish Literary Society. You added that THE CITIZEN considered the venture somewhat premature: that I might as well undertake to write the history of a baby in swaddling clothes. Now THE CITIZEN is perfectly welcome to its little joke, but will you allow me to state that it originated in a complete misunderstanding of the plan and purpose of my book. The title, "The Irish Literary Revival: A Sketch of Its History, Pioneers, and Possibilities," will of itself go far to convince you of your mistake. Writing the history of a society just two years old were not a promising task: writing the history, studying the pioneers, and considering the possibilities of a movement (embracing many societies) ten years old may be quite a different matter. It is the latter task that I have been attempting. Briefly, my work may be set down as a review of the Irish literary awakenings of the last ten years, a study of the present great developments attained, a study of the Irish work of all the workers in the movement, and a consideration of the trend of the movement. All this means that I have had to review practically every Irish writer of our time, on this side of the Atlantic (and some on the other side) for in one way or another nearly all of them have been or have become identified with it. Some people imagine that this literary uprising of which we have heard so much lately, began last year or the year before. The truth is that it has passed its first decade. Absorbed in politics, as many sections of the Irish people were, they did not notice its progress. Of two of its early developments—the Southwark Irish Literary Club, and the Pan-Celtic Society—THE CITIZEN might hear a good deal from an Irish writer who is not quite a stranger to it—one Mr. Eugene Davis. Since the days of these organizations the movement has grown much wider and stronger; now it is of national interest. Its history has suggestiveness and inspiration of its own, but on the whole I have been more concerned with the work, lives, and purposes of the litterateurs within it, and I have olso ventured on a little in the way of prophecy. I think I have written enough to show that my task was a little more serious than would be the story of that baby of THE CITIZEN'S facetious imagination. Faithfully yours,

W. P. RYAN.

Irish Literary Society, Bloomsburg Mansion, Hart street, London, W.C.,

OBITUARY.

MRS. M. A. RORKE.

Mrs. Rorke, the amiable and benevolent wife of Mr. M. A. Rorke, one of the oldest practitioners at the Chicago bar, died on the 17th inst., after a lingering illness, which she bore uncomplainingly. Mrs. Rorke was a devout Catholic and a model wife and mother. Out of a numerous progeny, only four children survive, two sons and two daughters. Of the former one is a lawyer and one is engaged in business. The eldest daughter is Mrs. J. T. McEnnis, wife of the well-known journalist of this city and the other is Mrs. Ambrose Rend, wife of a prominent young merchant. The entire community sympathizes with Mr. Rorke and his family in their deep affliction.

MRS. MARY BOURKE.

The trans-Atlantic cable has flashed the news of the sad demise of Mrs. Mary Bourke, of Coolbane, Doon, county Limerick, Ireland, on March 15. The deceased lady, who was in her 79th year, was the widow of the late John Bourke, and mother of the Rev. James Bourke, pastor of St. Michael's church, St. Louis, Mo., and of the Rev. Paul Bourke, assistant pastor of St. Mary's church, Joliet, Ill., and also of Timothy, David and Edmond Bourke, of this city. She was a splendid type of an Irish wife and mother, remarkable alike for her hospitality, charity, piety and tender attachment to her family, of which there are six sons and two daughters to mourn her loss. Her deceased husband, who died in 1867, also deserves more than a passing notice for his well known patriotism and personal worth—he being the only tenant on the entire estate of the notorious Colonel Hare, who dared to vote for Counsellor Synon for member of parliament, when he contested the county Limerick against Colonel Dickson in the early sixties. Mr. Bourke's eviction was confidently predicted at the time, but it never afterward took place, as tyrant Colonel seemed to know that Mr. Bourke was a crack shot at the various kinds of wild fowl which then swarmed along the valley of the Mulkear river, and took a hint to leave him unmolested in his homestead, where his widow was able to spend the calm evening of her life, until she quietly passed away, duly fortified with all the rites of her holy church, and surrounded by three of her devoted children and many sorrowing relatives and friends. May her soul rest in peace.

E. F. R.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Did You See It?

Of course we mean the World's Fair. Whether you did or not you wan to preserve a souvenir of the most beautiful scene this earth has witnessed.

The Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is issuing the finest and most complete World's Fair Portfolio, each containing reproductions of sixteen splendid photographs of large size. The series will consist of sixteen parts, followed by a special part devoted to Niagara Falls, Mackinac Island and other gems of American Scenery, and will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents per part.

You can get these at the Michigan Central Ticket Office, No. 67 Clark st., or by addressing, with remittance, Frank J. Bramhall, Advertising Agent Michigan Central, 402 Monadnock Building, Chicago, Ill.

"O'DONNELL ABOO."

Story of How Red Hugh O'Donnell Defeated General Sir Conyers Clifford's Army in the Curlew Mountains.

BY STANDISH O'GRADY, IN "THE BOG OF STARS."

CHAPTER I.

CLIFFORD INVADES SLIGO.

In treating of the fall of the Queen's favorite, Robert, Earl of Essex, historians have not at all sufficiently recognized his very bad record as chief governor of Ireland. They say he did nothing, but in fact he did a great deal less, for he was beaten by the insurgent lords at many points. As he marched through the Queen's county young O'More, lord of that region, routed his rear-guard and plundered his baggage in the Pass of Plumes. At Askeaton, county Limerick, he was beaten by the Geraldines and driven back out of West Munster. The sons of Feagh McHugh defeated his cavalry in one battle and his infantry in another. Finally his lieutenant, Sir Conyers Clifford, President of Connacht, was first beaten by Red Hugh at Ballyshannon and afterwards beaten disastrously in the Curlew Mountains. With such an Irish record it is not surprising that on his return to London his reception should have been so cold. I propose here to give a sketch of this latter battle, partly to enable the reader to form some idea of the curiously embroiled and intertangled relations of the chieftainry with each other and with the State, and partly with the purpose of illustrating the war methods of the sixteenth century as practiced in Ireland.

When the "Nine Years' War" broke out Sir Richard Bingham was master of all Connacht. Presently he came into collision with Red Hugh, and Red Hugh beat him. Red Hugh was only a boy, yet he beat the veteran and shook most of Connacht loose from his control. When Essex came into Ireland, Bingham was hopelessly beaten and could hardly venture to show himself outside the gates of Athlone. The Burkes of Clanricarde and the O'Briens of Thomond, two zealous royalist clans, alone kept the Queen's flag flying in the open, and Red Hugh was destroying them. Then the Queen recalled Bingham in disgrace. He was brought to London as a State prisoner pursued by an infinity of complaints urged against him by chieftains of the West, and Sir Conyers Clifford was appointed President of Connacht simultaneously with the appointment of the Earl of Essex as lord lieutenant of the realm. Clifford seems to have been a man of signal nobility of character. The Four Masters declare that "there did not come of English blood into Ireland in the latter times a more worthy person." His reputation preceded him, and on his arrival a considerable proportion of the western lords who had been previously in rebellion and allies of Red Hugh waited upon him and tendered him their allegiance. So without striking a blow Clifford recovered immediately the greater portion of the province. Then at the head of a considerable army he marched northwards for the invasion of Tyrconnell but did not succeed. Red Hugh beat him at Ballyshannon, drove him back and resumed his operations in Connacht.

The county of Sligo was one of the divisions of Connacht in which the change produced by the coming of Clifford was not felt. It was still strongly held by Red Hugh's lieutenants. In 1598 Clifford flung into that county a young royalist chieftain and a body of horse with the object of exciting there a rebellion of Red Hugh's feudatories. A cavalry battle ensued in which the Royalists were overthrown by Red Hugh's horse, and the leader of this forlorn hope, in fact the O'Connor Sligo, was driven within the fortress of Collooney and there besieged by Red Hugh.

Partly to relieve him, partly to deliver another great stroke at Red Hugh, Clifford mustered his forces at Athlone. When all was in readiness Clifford rose thence and marched to Boyle, a strong town in the north of Roscommon, close to the frontiers of Sligo. Between Roscommon and Sligo lay the Curlew Mountains, on the north side of which all the country was held by Red Hugh, except Collooney, which he was blockading. Clifford's force numbered 2,500 infantry and 300 horse. It consisted of Connacht-Irish, Meath-Irish and regulars. The regulars were, for the most part, Irish too, but officered to some extent by English gentlemen. The Connacht and Meath contingents represented the military quotas which those provinces were bound to furnish for war. On demand, under certain conditions, all the nobles and landowners were bound to "rise out," as the phrase ran, at the head of a fixed body of foot and horse well equipped and serve at their own expense for forty days. To our notions Clifford's army on this occasion was absurdly small. But in the sixteenth century such a force was not small, but, on the contrary, a great host. The State was seldom able to put into the field for active service an army of more than 4,000 men nor the insurgent chiefs one of greater dimensions. When at Kinsale the contending powers severally brought all their forces to a head out of the whole of Ireland there were but some six or seven thousand effective men on each side.

At the head of this force Clifford, on the 13th of August, marched through the gates of Boyle in the midst of wild weather and heavy pouring rain. The army had come that day from the town of Roscommon and entered Boyle wet and weary and thinking only of supper, rest, and sleep. Clifford took up his quarters in the monastery there, the rest of his army was billeted throughout the town. Monastery and town must have been of considerable capacity, for I find a little later a garrison of 1,500 men posted here. Clifford's army, I say, expected to sleep comfortably in Boyle that night, but they did not. Shortly after their arrival the army was on march again, moving silently through darkness and rain towards the Curlew Mountains. Why we shall see presently.

CHAPTER II.

NIAL GARF MOUNTS GUARD OVER COLLOONEY.

When Red Hugh heard of this invasion he lay, with cavalry only, blockading the castle of Collooney. Within that castle was the O'Conor Sligo. Hugh was very anxious to lay his hands upon O'Conor Sligo who had, for a long time, given him a great deal of trouble. Hearing the tidings, Hugh wrote to Tyrone to come and help; Tyrone came by forced marches, but was unable to help. He came too late. Hugh also sent the usual war-summons to all his feudatories and captains, and all these being near came to him at once. These were O'Dogherty, the three McSweenies, O'Boyle, O'Byrne, McClancy, O'Gallagher and others. His army when assembled consisted of about 2,500 men, horse and foot. We see here a proof of Red Hugh's military power. On the sudden he was able to draw together a force as great as that of the Queen's President of all Connacht. Nor was it in any respect less efficient. Hugh now rose from Collooney, but left behind him 200 horse to continue the blockade.

To the command of this force he appointed his cousin, Nial Garf, i.e. Nial the Rough. I notice him here particularly, for it was this rough cousin whose defection a little afterwards broke Red Hugh's brilliant career. Nial Garf rebelled against Red Hugh, became the "Queen's O'Donnell" and led a great Queen's party in the northwest.

He was a violent, headstrong, implacable young man, and most furious both in speech and demeanor.

As Hugh Roe with the bulk of his army marches southwards from Collooney, imagine Nial Garf with his 200 horsemen moving round that fortress through the trees and Nial's fierce and strident voice uplifted at times ringing out words of menace and command. That young man, afterwards the Queen's O'Donnell, was certainly the roughest, ruggedest, and most bull-headed and bull-hearted creature to be found anywhere at this time. On the march Red Hugh detached a second force. This went to the town and harbor of Sligo. Why I shall now explain.

CHAPTER III.

THE LAND BURKE AND THE SEA BURKE.

The large army with which Clifford marched to Boyle represented only one wing of his invasion. He was, in fact, invading Red Hugh's country by sea as well as by land. Among Clifford's Connacht allies was one noteworthy figure, Theabod Burke, son of Granuaile and of her second husband, Rickard-in-Iron, lord of all Mayo. Granuaile, I think, was still alive. A short time before this she had written to her friend, Queen Elizabeth, informing her that she had now quite done with war and was engaged "in farming." I must mention, however, that at the same time Bingham also wrote to the Queen complaining that Granuaile, in spite of her great age, was the root of all the hurley-burleys and disturbances of the West of Ireland. "Even in our ashes live our wonted fires."

This Theabod was comonly called "Theabod of the Ships," and said to have been borne by Granuaile on the high seas while she was returning to Ireland from her famous visit to Queen Elizabeth. Both these termagants entertained for each other a kindly feeling. They kept up a correspondence, and it was ever friendly. There is no truth in the tradition that Granuaile affected any sort of equality with the Queen, though possibly enough she did refuse a countesship at the hands of Elizabeth which would have been only a white elephant to her in Connacht. At this time "Theabod of the Ships" inherited his mother's authority over the brave seafaring nation of the O'Malleys. By law or by the strong hand he was Admiral of Connacht, and had armed galleys and sailors enough to support his claims. He was also pretender to the Northern MacWilliamship, that is to say, to the supreme government of the great county of Mayo. He put forward this pretension in right of his father, Rickard-in-Iron, the late MacWilliam. In the beginning of the Nine Years' War Theabod had rebelled against Bingham and allied himself with Red Hugh, in fact all the MacWilliam Burkes of Mayo had rebelled on that occasion. Red Hugh marched into the county and held a great convention of all the Burkes with the purpose of appointing a new MacWilliam. Now the claimant who had the best right according to Irish law happened to be very old, whereas Hugh required a stout, active soldier to act as lieutenant in Mayo. He accordingly chose as fittest for his purpose a youth known as Theabod, son of Walter, and solemnly installed him as the new MacWilliam, passing over the claims of Theabod, son of Granuaile. The latter Theabod accordingly rebelled against Red Hugh and joined Clifford. I may here observe that from this "Theabod of the Ships," son of Granuaile, sprang the Earls of Mayo, one of whom not long ago distinguished himself so much as governor-general of India. Theabod also made a private treaty with the O'Conor Sligo and married his sister. When Clifford determined to invade Tir-Connell he resolved to utilize the services of this welcome ally. He intended upon this expedition to rebuild the great castle of Sligo which commanded the roads from the North into Connacht and which Red Hugh had recently dismantled. In obedience to Clifford's request Theabod brought all his ships to Galway and there loaded them with lime and timber, and building tools and materials of all kinds, taking also on board a great number of masons. This done he sailed round Connacht, put into the harbor of Sligo, and there cast anchor, waiting till Clifford and the invading land force should arrive. He would then disembark all his masons and materials.

Red Hugh accordingly as he marched south to the Curlews detached to Sligo that force of 400 men to keep a watch upon Theabod. Red Hugh prudently appointed to the command of this force a gentleman who was certain to do his very best upon Theabod. This was Hugh's new MacWilliam, the other Theabod, Theabod son of Walter. The reader, while other developments are coming, will keep in mind these two Burkes, the land Burke and the sea Burke, glowering upon each other at Sligo, the sea Burke rocking idly on the blue waters of the bay, and the land Burke encamped about the ruins of the old castle observing the motions of his adversary, an adversary whom he regarded as a rebel against his just and legitimate authority, and whom if he could catch he would hang with the greatest pleasure. For the land Burke was the MacWilliam, and as such lord of every Burke in the north of Connacht, including the sea Burke. On the other hand the sea Burke who had been also nominated MacWilliam, regarded the land Burke with just the same feelings. For the present, however, they can do nothing but scowl at each other and hurl opprobrious expressions. It was like a war between a swordfish and leopard.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☛ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between ilwaukee, LaC rosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

POTOMAC MUSKRATS.

QUEER HABITS OF THESE WILY AND TROUBLESOME LITTLE RODENTS.

Their Depredations In Cornfields and Vegetable Patches—They Are Easily Caught In Spite of Much Cunning—Undermined by Canal Building.

Of all the queer creatures, including crawfish, turtles, bullfrogs, etc., which infest the shores of the Potomac near Washington, affording sport to small boys gifted with an appetite for the chase, not least interesting is the muskrat.

Muskrats, though timid animals, seek the neighborhood of human habitations. They have learned that the presence of man assures them an abundance of food, while at the same time their natural enemies are fewer. Hereabout they flourish, being to a great extent undisturbed. They are not destroyed by farmers, though in certain regions they are dreaded enemies of agriculture. Of corn they are extravagantly fond. They will eat it at any stage of its growth—the seed from the ground, the young plant from the furrow or the "roasting ear" from the stalk.

They visit the cornfield at night, cutting down the stalks and carrying away the juicy ears. At times streams flowing through "bottom lands" where this cereal is cultivated are fairly covered with floating stalks—the result of the nocturnal forays of these vermin. In order to make the flinty grains tender they will sometimes deposit the ears in water for two or three days. These animals are fond of many kinds of vegetables, robbing apple orchards and patches of turnips and parsnips. In winter and early spring they subsist in great part on the flesh of river mussels. Probably they are driven by hunger to this diet of shellfish.

Records of this habit are preserved in the banks of many canals, where alternate deposits of shells cleaned by muskrats and of sediment may be seen in places reaching to a depth of some feet. The means by which the animal obtains the mussel from its shell has been much discussed. Probably it is often done by inserting the paws or teeth between the valves and tearing them apart. If the mollusk cannot be caught unawares, the edges of the shell are broken by means of the teeth. The heavier species of mussels, it is believed, are carried out upon the bank and left until they become weak or die, when the valves can be easily separated.

Muskrats, you see, are very clever creatures. Farmers attribute to them an appetite for young ducks, but it is probable that they are wrongly credited with a destruction actually committed by turtles.

These rodents are very unsuspicious and are easily captured. Many of them are killed by means of poisoned apples or turnips placed near their burrows. One of the most effective traps for them is a barrel without ends placed upright near the bank of a stream, so as to be about half filled with water. Inside of it upon the water are put grass and weeds with some pieces of parsnips. Every night the barrel is likely to capture from one to half a dozen muskrats.

When a rat gets inside, it is impossible, owing to the depth of the water, for it to stand upon its hind legs and cut a hole in the staves above water line. At the same time it cannot get out at the top. When several are taken the same night, a fight usually ensues, resulting in the death of all of the captives either by the sharp teeth of their companions or by drowning. The muskrat is very ferocious when cornered. Its worst enemy, next to man, is the dog. Hawks, owls, foxes and mink all prey upon it. These rodents have sometimes been found in the stomachs of large catfish, but the fishes were so tainted with the flavor of the food as to be unfit to eat.

With the building of canals in various parts of the country has come a change in the life of the muskrats in many localities. They have actually abandoned to a great extent the streams to take up their habitations along the banks of these artificial waterways. No doubt they realize the greater security afforded them from floods and other dangers. These animals will rarely occupy banks of gravel or sand, preferring loam or light clay. Advantage has been taken of this fact by railways, which so long as they construct banks of gravel and keep them free from vegetable growth are rarely bothered by the rodents. Otherwise great damage is done, the burrows caving in, undermining the tracks and doing other injury.

In early spring the greatest damage is done. With the alternate freezing and thawing at that time of the year the coverings of the underground passages fall in, exposing cavities of surprising extent to one who does not know the amount of subterranean work these animals are capable of doing. Much vigilance with eyes and ears is often required to prevent such caving from causing disastrous injury to property. The burrows commonly extend into the bank for a distance of from 10 to 30 feet. There are usually two openings from which passages lead backward and upward from the stream very crookedly. They end in a large gallery, which is the home of the muskrat.—Washington Star.

Tidal Waves.

The question whether there be such a thing as a tidal wave I once asked the captain of an Atlantic liner. "Oh, yes," he answered; "we keep a tidal wave for the passengers and the newspapers. If you want to know what it really is, I will tell you. It is when a powerful ship is driven through a head sea at such speed that before she can clear herself of one big wave she is into a second. The second and first together are too much for the ship, and she carries away a deckhouse or bridge or a boat or two. That is a 'tidal wave.'"—Cor. New York Tribune.

No. 1893 Men's Size. The World's Fair Watch, Solid Gold Decorated Watch. 14k. Gold Filled Case. Price $25.00.

No. 1893 is a genuine Waltham watch in one of the handsomest cases ever made. The works are nickel and contain compensation balance, safety pinion, stem wind and set and all the greatest improvements. The case is one of the thinnest filled gold watch cases ever made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works are especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, railroadmen and all others who wish a really first-class article. The full-size figure of Columbus on the back is made of raised solid gold. In his hand he holds a flag. On the front is a raised gold representation of the western hemisphere which is accurate in every detail. Around this "world" is a solid gold wreath. We shall withdraw this offer very soon because there are very few of these watches left. The supply will probably be exhausted by Dec. 1. Returnable in three days if not as guaranteed. Price, including safe delivery, only $25, in hunting case, and $23 in open face. Address

"THE CITIZEN," 69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

THE CURIOUS LEMMING.

A Remarkable Animal Found In the Highlands of Norway and Sweden.

Very nearly related to the field mice are the lemmings, which are in their way among the most remarkable of animals. They are about five inches long, with very short tails. Dwelling in the highlands of the great central mountain chain of Norway and Sweden, they build their nests of straw lined with hair under stones and tussocks of grass. They are very pugnacious. When disturbed, instead of trying to escape, they sit upright, hissing and showing fight.

Certain cultivated districts of Sweden and Norway, where these creatures are ordinarily unknown, are occasionally, at intervals of from 5 to 25 years, overrun by armies of them, which steadily and slowly advance, always in the same direction, regardless of all obstacles, swimming across streams and even lakes several miles in breadth and committing great devastation. In turn they are pursued and harassed by crowds of beasts and birds of prey, such as bears, wolves, foxes, wildcats, weasels, eagles, hawks and owls. Even domestic animals—cattle, goats and reindeer—join in the hunt.

None of these migrant lemmings ever returns by the course from which it came. The onward march of the survivors never ceases until they reach the sea, into which they plunge, and swimming onward in the same direction as before perish in the waves.

As a matter of fact, the lemmings which perish in the sea are acting under the same blind impulse that led them previously to cross smaller pieces of water in safety. No survivors of the migrating hordes ever live to transmit their final and fatal experience to subsequent generations, and so this gigantic mistake is periodically repeated.

Abnormal increase of number and consequent necessity for food bring about the migration from the highlands to the lowlands, winding up in the ocean. The animals only travel at night and pause when they find sustenance plentiful. Exhaustion of the food supply compels them to proceed. Naturally they would not turn back on their tracks, the region behind being eaten bare. It is a curious fact that during these journeys they multiply enormously and even more rapidly than at home. Such a migration lasts from one to three years.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Snake Charming.

The secrets of snake charming are much simpler than most people imagine. The snakes to be handled are gorged with food until they become drowsy, or else they are drugged so that their senses are dazed. Sometimes they are kept in iceboxes, and the cold puts them in a semitorpid condition. In either case the snakes are only half alive.

In handling the reptile the hand must always grasp it at certain places where the head can be guided and held from the body. This is the hardest thing to learn; but, like everything else, it comes with practice. By dint of dexterity and strength the snake is easily passed from one hand to the other and is allowed to coil about the body. The snake charmer, however, must be on the alert. When the snake becomes too lively, it is put back into the icebox.

In handling a reptile with the fangs in—which ought to be prohibited by law—one requires great strength, as the strain on the system during the performance is very great. The grasp and movements must be precise and accurate. There is no room for hesitancy or uncertainty. Most of the snakes handled, however, are harmless so far as poisoning is concerned.—Charles Robinson in Lippincott's.

Popular Stones For Jewelry.

Through all changes, when every stone seems to have its day, the diamond stands alone, incomparable. In these days stones are brought into prominence to meet the demand for variety, and such stones as the amethyst, the aquamarine, the chrysoberyl, the golden carnelian and many other stones known as semiprecious are so wonderfully cut and set as to greatly increase their intrinsic value. These stones are very fashionable just at present set in the form of collar and girdle. The turquoise has been more universally admired in recent years than any other stone. The greatest number and some of the most beautiful have of late years been found in our own country. During the last three years $400,000 worth of American turquoises have been used. And the opal—that exquisite stone with its fairy light dancing over its delicate surface—just now it is finding its reward after many years of prejudice. Indeed, so far has the old superstition regarding this stone been removed that it has become, when set in diamonds, one of the chosen stones for the engagement ring, and the woman who can claim among her associates the most beautiful opal is to be envied, not pitied.—Jewelers' Circular.

Who Owned the Bird?

A hawk captured and killed a carrier pigeon in Druid Hill park a few days ago after a protracted chase. The chase was witnessed by a number of persons. The lightninglike movements of the pursuer and pursued were a revelation to those who were not versed in the flights of birds. The pigeon, as long as it kept in a straight line, beat the hawk flying, but on becoming frightened and confused it began a zigzag course and was then an easy prey. Captain Cassell frightened the hawk so that he got the pigeon, but the pigeon was dead when it struck the ground. On one of its legs was a metal band bearing the capital letters A. S. H. C., the large figures 291 and the small figures 86.—Baltimore Sun.

How He Was.

X. is a malade imaginaire whose chief hobby it is to get a doctor to visit him every day. A friend called to see him one morning. "Well, how are you today?"

"I don't know—the doctor hasn't been here yet!"—Grillon.

The Snail Has Thirty Thousand Teeth.

Don't believe a word of it, do you? Well, that makes but little difference—it is on the authority of one of the most noted of the modern school of naturalists, and that is sufficient. In the peculiarity of teeth and mouth the snail is the most wonderful of all the created creatures, and it has been truly said that it is fortunate for mankind that some of the larger of the wild animals are not similarly constructed. The mouth of the snail is armed with a wonderful organ in the shape of a rasplike tongue. This tongue resembles a long, narrow ribbon, coiled in such a manner that only a small portion of it is in use at any one time. Thickly distributed over the entire surface of this ribbonlike organ are an immense number of very minute but strong and sharp teeth, designed in a manner which admirably adapts them to the purpose for which they are intended—viz, that of rasping off the edible portions of the vegetation upon which the owner of the rasp feeds.

The number of these teeth, as hinted in the opening and also in the heading, is perfectly incredible, one species having been shown by actual count under the microscope to possess not less than 30,000.—St. Louis Republic.

How Ice Forms.

On the surface of a river or water exposed to the air ice is made by the coldness of the air against the top of the water. When water is cooled thus, it at first shrinks in size, and therefore sinks below the less cold water next to it. This, in turn, gets cooler, shrinks and sinks, and so on, till all the water from top to bottom is lowered to 4 degrees C. above zero. As soon as the water gets colder than this it begins to swell, and therefore no longer sinks as before, but stays on the top, and if the cooling still goes on till zero C. is reached it begins to turn into ice. When, by the colder air atop of it, as much heat is taken away from this water at zero as would have raised a pound of water at zero to a pound of water at 79 degrees C., a pound of ice is formed; when twice as much, two pounds, and so on, till, if the air above the water keeps cold enough, the whole of the water will in time be made into ice.—Exchange.

The mosaics in the Church of St. Mark in Venice are the finest in the world. They cover 40,000 square feet of the upper walls, ceilings, and cupolas and are all laid on a gold ground.

CRIPPLE CREEK RIOT.

MILITIA ORDERED TO THE SCENE OF THE DISTURBANCE.

Trouble Caused by Striking Miners Attacking Those at Work—Governor Waite Finally Agrees to Submit His Case to the Supreme Court for Settlement.

DENVER, March 19.—Adjutant General Taraney has ordered the Denver militia to move for Cripple Creek. Brigadier General Brooks has been ordered by the governor to have the First regiment, the signal corps and the Chaffee Light artillery at their armory in readiness to move at a moment's notice. A company of cavalry and one of infantry have left Colorado Springs and a company has been ordered from Pueblo to Colorado Springs, where they will await orders.

The calling out of troops was made necessary by the riotous acts of the striking miners. The men at work in the Victor mine were driven away by a large mob of strikers and four deputy sheriffs captured. One man was shot during the melee.

A telephone message has been received at the adjutant general's office stating that Sheriff Bower of El Paso county had been killed at Cripple Creek during an encounter between his posse and the striking miners.

CRIPPLE CREEK, Col., March 19.—The Indepence mine, one of the largest properties here, started up work again with a small force on a basis of nine hours for the day shift and eight for the night shift. This offer was made the men the day they quit work several weeks ago and refused. It was renewed a few days ago and finally accepted by the miners' union. Everything is quiet here and about the camp. The troops are lying in camp and the commanding officer says he does not expect to move them soon.

GOVERNOR WAITE GIVES IN.

He Will Submit the Question to the Supreme Court for Settlement.

DENVER, March 19.—The war between Governor Waite and the old fire and police board is not advancing toward bloodshed with any great rapidity. The situation is as the "calm after the storm"—the people anxiously awaiting the decision of the chief executive on the proposition to sub the matter to the supreme court and the governor undecided as to what course to pursue. There is no doubt but he would gladly compromise the disgraceful affair were it not for the ill-advice of some intimate friends and fear for his executive dignity. The matter has assumed such features that the governor is almost compelled to adopt the suggestions of his legal advisers and allow the courts to settle the trouble.

For ten days the fire and police departments have been utterly demoralized and the city has been without protection of any kind. The city hall is in the possession of armed policemen and deputy sheriffs; the building filled with arms and ammunition and dynamite; the local militia is under order, the whole state militia prepared to march on Denver and five companies of the United States troops in the city ready for the emergency that is certainly to occur if the present tension continues; the governor is being guarded day and night by armed men, being afraid of violence or arrest, and the whole populace is in a feverish condition. The supreme court has the power to decide the matter in dispute and it would end all the excitement if the governor would only give the word, and it is believed that he will consent to this arrangement. The militia is still held at the various armories.

LATER.—Governor Waite has at last decided to submit the case to the supreme court for settlement.

MRS. JOHN W. NOBLE EXPIRES.

Wife of the Ex-Secretary of the Interior Dies Suddenly at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, March 20.—Mrs. John W. Noble, wife of ex-President Harrison's secretary of the interior, died suddenly at her home in this city. The end came to her while standing in her dining room chatting with friends and waiting for General Noble, who had stepped from the room to call her carriage for a drive. She complained suddenly of dizziness and her maid caught her as she was falling, and before she could be taken to a couch she was dead. The cause of death was organic heart disease.

Mrs. Noble was Miss Elizabeth Halstead and daughter of the Rev. Dr. Halstead of Northampton, Mass., and was 56 years of age. She met General Noble while on a visit to Keokuk, Ia., early in the war, where, as a soldier, he was stationed. They were married Feb. 6, 1864, and during the remaining days of the contest she was at the front with her husband, seeing service around Chattanooga and Memphis. After the war she came to St. Louis with General Noble.

Republican Gains in New Hampshire.

CONCORD, March 15.—Returns from the annual town elections show unequalled Republican gains. The town of Franklin, for years a Democratic stronghold, has gone Republican by a majority of 75 and has adopted a city charter. Somersworth, Enfield, Bow and Farmington, all heretofore strongly Democratic, have gone Republican. Laconia, Republican for the first time in years last year, has largely increased its majority for Bushel, Republican, for mayor.

Benham Ordered to Bluefields.

WASHINGTON, March 16.—Secretary Herbert cabled Admiral Benham at Rio de Janeiro to proceed immediately with one of the vessels of his squadron to Bluefields, Nicaragua, to watch over American interests there. Although no vessel was designated in the order the San Francisco probably will depart on the mission.

Democrats Nominate Two Women.

LEADVILLE, Colo., March 16.—The Democratic city convention nominated Mrs. Alexander A. Dridge for city treasurer and Mrs. Bridget McClusley for city clerk by acclamation. There is no woman on either the Populist or Republican ticket.

Fire at Racine, Wis.

MILWAUKEE, March 19.—A special to The Wisconsin from Racine, says the plant of the Belle City Maleable Iron works was destroyed by fire. Loss, $55,000; insurance, $20,000. Origin of the fire unknown.

Convicted of Murder.

KANSAS CITY, March 19.—Harry Jones, one of the murderers of Madame Jane Wright the employment agent, who was strangled in her office on Sept. 7, 1893, has been convicted of murder in the first degree.

COXEY'S GRAND ARMY OF PEACE.

Some Features of the Preparations for the Grand Demonstration.

MASSILLON, O., March 20.—From present indications the Coxey army will be ready to march from here next Sunday. But few of his followers have arrived thus far, but every day's mail brings letters from various parts of the country saying that companies are being organized and that they will be on hand to join the army. Coxey came to town from his farm and after reading a number of encouraging letters, he remarked: "Won't things be lively next week by this time? Do you know that this Theosophy idea is having a wonderful effect? It is surprising to note how interested an audience becomes when I address them on this subject. This feeling will create harmony and is the only assurance of my success in this new undertaking. I truly believe this movement is the second coming of Christ."

Coxey and Carl Browne, his assistant, say it is ridiculous to think of failure in connection with the movement. They say they cannot fail. They have planned an attack, a retreat and a method of forming a second attack. There will be no disorder. "The conduct of the army," says Coxey, "will be as the name implies—'army of peace.'"

Extensive preparations are being made at the Coxey farm. A red and green bandwagon with a high platform will be used from which to address the crowds. In the center there will be a huge red wheel with five miles of good roads petitions wound round it. At every stopping place the assembled multitude, after addresses, will be invited to clamber up and sign their names. After reaching Washington the five miles of petition will be unloaded on congress.

There are banners with inscriptions as follows: "Interest Bearing Bonds Feed on Nothing but Gold and Honest Labor;" "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men, but Death to the Shylock of Interest on Bonds;" "We Workingmen Want Work, Not Charity; How Can We Buy at the Stores with Charity and Cast-off Old Clothing?"

RAKE-OFF ON THE "SEIGNIORAGE."

A Private Mint in Operation on a Grand Scale at Omaha.

OMAHA, March 20.—Special treasury department men are working in Omaha and vicinity to unearth a private mint which has already turned out over half a million standard silver dollars, using the same amount of silver and alloy as the government. It is impossible to detect the difference between the money made by the counterfeiters and the genuine turned out by the federal mints.

The profits of the gang are made from the seigniorage, which is said to give to the makers a rake-off of 51 cents on each dollar made.

Senate and House in Session.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—There was no important business transacted in the senate, the entire day being consumed in the consideration of bills on the calendar. Most of these were measures of small importance. An executive session was held.

In the house, owing to the absence of a Democratic quorum, an attempt to admit Utah as a state was given up. In committee the sundry civil bill was proceeded with. Attempts to amend the appropriation for the Missouri river were defeated and the last paragraph reached. The army appropriation bill was reported.

Thinks the South Gets Too Much.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—During the discussion on the river and harbor clauses in the sundry civil bill Loud complained that these improvements were used to satisfy certain interests. The figures showed that the lakes had received $42,000,000, the Atlantic coast $57,000,000, the gulf $27,000,000, the Mississippi $76,000,000 and the Pacific coast but $9,000,000. The south, including the Mississippi and tributaries, had received the enormous sum of $116,000,000 and he thought this entirely disproportionate.

The Eagle May Keep Quiet.

WASHINGTON, March 50.—Danger of the Bluefields incident assuming an important international aspect has vanished, as the state department has received satisfactory assurances from the government of Great Britain that the landing of troops from her majesty's steamship Cleopatra at Bluefields, Nicaragua, was solely for the protection of the interests there of the British subjects.

Started at a Reduction.

CHICAGO, March 20.—The Illinois Steel company's plant at South Chicago, employing about 5,000 men, has started at the following rates of wages: Common laborers receive $1 a day instead of $1.20 and $1.25 as heretofore. Men who have received $2 a day will now get but $1.44. Watchmen who got $65 a month will only receive $42, and so on through the scale of other occupations.

No Women Need Apply Any more.

WOBURN, Mass., March 20.—The Geo. A. Simonds shoe factory has started up after a brief shut down, following the the strike of the girl employes, and the managers announce that in the future girls will not be given employment. Fifteen men went to work in the girls' places and sixty more will be engaged. The girls struck because of a 10 per cent reduction in wages.

Hippopotamus Loose at Baraboo.

BARABOO, Wis., March 20.—A large hippopotamus belonging to a circus which is in winter quarters here escaped from his tent and went to the Baraboo river, where he roamed up and down for hours, despite all efforts of the circus people to capture him. He did no harm, however, and was finally returned to captivity.

Tariff Bill Still Hangs Fire.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—The tariff bill as amended by the Democrats since Saturday would have been submitted to the full committee yesterday but for the fact that Caffery requested a hearing on the proposed sugar schedule and submitted a proposition somewhat different from the schedule as agreed upon by the committee.

Ratliff Had a Right to Kill.

JACKSON, Miss., March 20.—The jury in the case of Populist State Representative Ratliff, on trial at Kosciusko for killing Democratic State Representative Jackson, has rendered a verdict of not guilty. In the fight one by-stander was killed and one wounded.

Train Accident That Did Not Occur.

SEATTLE, Wash., March 20.—Officials of the Great Northern say that there is no foundation for the rumor that a freight train had been carried over an embankment and buried near Skykomish by a snowslide.

TRIUMPH FOR SILVER.

BLAND'S SEIGNIORAGE BILL PASSES THE SENATE.

Forty-Four Senators Voted in Favor of the Measure and Thirty-One Against It—Eight Others Were Paired and Two Did Not Vote at All—Vote in Detail.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—The Bland silver seigniorage bill was taken up by the senate at 12:30. Carey of Wyoming concluded his argument and was followed by Dubois of Idaho. At 2 o'clock the senate passed the seigniorage bill—yeas 44 nays 31.

The following is the detailed vote: Yeas—Allen, Bate, Berry, Blackburn, Blanchard, Butler, Call, Cockrell, Coke, Colquitt, Daniel, Dubois, Faulkner, George, Gordon, Hansbrough, Harris, Hunton, Irby, Jones of Arkansas, Kyle, Lindsay, McLaurin, Martin, Mills, Mitchell of Oregon, Morgan, Pasco, Peffer, Perkins, Pettigrew, Power, Pugh, Quay, Ransom, Roach, Shoup, Stewart, Teller, Turpie, Vest, Voorhees, White, Wolcott—Total, 44.

Nays—Aldrich, Allison, Brice, Caffery, Carey, Chandler, Cullom, Davis, Dolph, Frye, Gallinger, Gibson, Gorman, Hale, Hawley, Higgins, Lodge, McMillin, McPherson, Manderson, Mitchell of Wisconsin, Morrill, Murphy, Palmer, Platt, Proctor, Smith, Stockbridge, Vilas, Washburn, Wilson—Total, 31.

The pairs were: Camden for with Gray against; Hill for with Dixon against; Jones of Nevada for with Hoard against; Vance for with Sherman against. Squire and Cameron did not vote.

CYCLONE IN TEXAS.

Six Persons Killed by the Rotary Monster in Rains County.

GREENVILLE, March 20.—A cyclone passed over Emery, the county seat of Rains county, thirty miles south of Greenville, totally demolishing the western portion of the town. The list of dead is as follows: Miss Easter Alexander, Henry Bras, —— Murray, 4 years old; three unidentified bodies, found south of Emery. In addition to these at least fifty are wounded and some of them will die. The news reached this city about 8 o'clock and an urgent request was sent by wire that all the physicians who could do so would hasten to the scene of the storm, as their assistance would be greatly needed. A special train left Greenville at 9 o'clock and arrived at Emery at 10:30.

The train was met by a panic-stricken body of citizens. At the postoffice drug store, where a dozen unfortunates lay on stretchers, the physicians were soon busy bandaging, plastering and sewing up wounds and administering opiates to relieve the suffering of the victims of the cyclone. On one stretcher lay a mother maimed, bruised and bleeding; on another a child with limbs lacerated and maimed for life; on another an old man lay groaning from the excruciating pains that opiates would not soothe. There was an eager, anxious crowd, many of them relatives of the suffering ones, and others employing their time diligently to aid the physicians in their work of relieving suffering humanity.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

The State Department Notified of the Result in Brazil.

WASHINGTON, March 14.—The state department has received the following cable from Minister Thompson, confirming the Associated Press advices:

"RIO DE JANEIRO, March 14.—GRESHAM, Washington—After the shore batteries had fired upon the insurgent ships for thirty minutes the latter surrendered unconditionally, De Gama having previously gone abroad the Portuguese man-of-war. "THOMPSON."

NEW YORK, March 15.—The Herald's Rio de Janeiro special says: Admiral Mello has just been seen in the streets of Montevideo. He has deserted his followers as Admiral DaGama deserted his officers and men on the harbor fleet. The insurgent sailors here will be pardoned. The officers will be court-martialed.

LISBON, March 15.—Dispatches received here from Rio de Janeiro says that Admiral Saldanha Da Gama, with 500 of the insurgent sailors and marines, is on board the Portugues corvette Mindello. It is added that the refugees will be brought to Portugual by the Mindello and the Alfonzo De Albuquerque.

Trying to Save Prendergast.

OTTAWA, Ills., March 17.—Attorneys C. S. Darrow and S. S. Gregory appeared in the supreme court and entered a motion for a writ of supersedeas to stay the judgment and sentence passed upon Patrick Eugene Prendergast, in the circuit court of Cook county, for the murder of Carter H. Harrision pending the presention of proofs in support of a new trial for Prendergast. The motion is based on eight important points.

Death of Commodore Whiting.

NEW YORK, March 19.—Commodore William D. Whiting, retired, of the United States navy, died at his city residence, 38 West Thirty-eighth street. His death was due to a fracture of the hip, caused by his being run over by a cab on Broadway in January. He was 70 years old. The commodore was with Commodore Perry in Japan and was the first American officer to set foot on the soil of that country.

Fire at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, March 19.—The five-story mill building at Palethorpe and Huntington streets, owned by Crumps & Bros., manufacturers of bed quilts, was destroyed by fire. The building was occupied by J. A. R. Kluier & Co., Brown Bros. and L. Aperle, all manufacturers of knit goods and hosiery. Loss on building, $50,000; on stock, estimated, $75,000. Adjacent property was damaged by fire and water.

Another Gravesend Man Guilty.

BROOKLYN, March 16.—Justice of the Peace Sutherland, one of McKane's henchmen who was indicted for conspiracy in connection with the Gravesend election troubles, has been found guilty as the result of the second trial. In the first trial the jury disagreed. Sentence will be pronounced Saturday morning.

Iowa Prohibitionists on Top.

DES MOINES, March 17.—Prohibitionists registered two great victories in the general assembly. The senate defeated the Carpenter local option bill by a vote of 32 to 12, and the house killed the committee bill for mulct and local option. Indications now point to no legislation whatever on this question.

MET HIS DOOM GAMELY.

Execution of John Hart, the Double Murderer, at Rockford, Ill.

ROCKFORD, Ills., March 17.—The execution of John Hart took place at 11:04 o'clock. There were no hitches to mar it. Hart only slept three hours during the night, but ate a hearty breakfast and chatted cheerfully with the watchers and visitors. "So help me God," he declared to his watchers, "I know nothing of the crime that I have been charged with. My mind is a complete blank on the subject. I am not afraid to meet God, and will die feeling that I am morally innocent of any crime."

This position he maintained up to the very last and when asked on the scaffold by Sheriff Burbank whether he had anything to say he replied: "Upon the advice of my spiritual advisors I have nothing to say." He also refused a chair offered him when he stepped on the death-trap, saying that he was able to stand. Hart exhibited the greatest nerve up to the very last, glancing about while the sheriff placed the straps about his arms. Hart's only request was that his clothes and personal effects be destroyed to prevent relic hunters from getting hold of them.

The crime for which Hart was executed was the most atrocious ever committed in this part of the state. On Sept. 5, 1893, Hart was alone on the farm six miles west of Rockford, with his mother and two sisters, Mary and Nellie. During the afternoon the mother left the house for a short time, going to the potato patch in the rear of the residence to get some potatoes for the evening meal. No sooner had his mother left the house than John Hart called his sister Nellie to the barn, telling her that the granery floor had sprung a leak and was letting oats into the basement below. When the unsuspecting girl had reached the bottom of the basement steps Hart turned on her, and after choking her severely forced her to drink paris green out of a bottle. He then struck her on the head with a hammer and shot her in the stomach with a revolver, leaving her on the floor for dead.

Going to the front yard where his elder sister Mary had been rocking in a chair Hart shot her four times after a struggle that left the porch besmeared with blood. When the victims were found Mary was dead, but Nellie recovered sufficiently to dictate a dying statement which was admitted as evidence in the trial and doubtless convicted the murderer. After completing his work Hart changed his blood-stained clothes and mounting a swift horse rode to Rockford, where he was arrested in a barber shop, the man who shaved him just telling him of the crime when the police entered. Hart has showed the utmost coolness and never manifested any remorse, claiming to know nothing of the crime. A plea of insanity was entered by the defense and expert witnesses were introduced to prove Hart unbalanced, but the jury was out only a few minutes before returning with the death verdict.

Michigan Salaries Fraud Cases.

LANSING, Mich., March 15.—Judge Person overruled the motion for an order compelling Prosecutor Gartner to exhibit the testimony taken before the grand jury in the state salaries fraud cases. The court stated that the statute imposes perpetual secrecy upon grand jurors or any one whose presence is required, and this applies to the prosecutor as well. Attorney Day for the members of the state board of canvassers, who are under indictments charged with felony and misdemeanor, asked for a separate trial for each upon each indictment, which was granted.

Engagement of Miss Hattie Blaine.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—The announcement of the engagement of Miss Hattie Blaine, third daughter of the late James G. Blaine, and Truxton Beale, only son of the late General Edward Beale, caused quite a sensation in social circles at the Capitol. Mr. Beale returned last autumn from his mission as minister to Persia, and has since been spending the time very quietly in settling up his father's estate and looking after his ranch in California. It is understood that he will inherit a large fortune.

Big Day at the Midwinter Fair.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19.—The total attendance at the midwinter fair Sunday was 66,444, greater than any other day since the opening when it was above 72,000. The average attendance is gradually increasing and it is probable it will be much heavier from this time on. Sousa's band has begun a five weeks' engagement at the fair.

News from Congressman Wilson.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—Dispatches received here from the son of Representative Wilson, now in the City of Mexico, are far from reassuring as to the condition of the latter. He is suffering from despondency, induced by an enfeebled constitution.

Work for 5,000 Men.

CHICAGO, March 19.—South Chicago is celebrating the reopening of the big plant of the Illinois Steel company. The works have been closed since Sept. 15 last, but reopened now with the full force of 5,000 men.

Oxford Wins the Race.

LONDON, March 19.—Oxford won the annual boat race from the Cambridge crew. Oxford led from the start. The usual course, from Putney to Mortlake, was rowed over. Time, 21:7.

Burlington officials report a marked improvement in passenger traffic over that road. It is not quite so heavy as at this time last year, but it is heavier than two years ago. Prospects are brightening very materially they say.

Charles Goode celebrated his 100th birthday at Patteville, Ills.

⁂

A contract has been let for a new $12,000 schoolhouse at Elwood, Ind.

A bolt of lightning at Cumberland, Ia., killed J. C. Basisto and a horse and cow and knocked several persons senseless.

The Congregational and Presbyterian church organizations of Hamilton, Ia., have united and formed a church organition called Bethel church, and they will erect a fine church edifice.

The female employes of the Standard Silk mill, Phillisburg, Pa., are escorted to and from work by deputy sheriffs, and several rioting strikers whose places are filled by the girls were arrested.

W. H. Shaw, deputy United States collector at Louisville, was acquitted by a jury on the charge of violating the civil service law.

Reece Woods of Ottumwa, Ia., was arrested on the charge of attempting to kill Albert Skinner. Both were farmers and quarreled at a dance.

ILLINOIS STATE NEWS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST RECEIVED BY TELEGRAPH.

Happenings in the Prairie State Given in a Column by Themselves Where They Can Be Easily Perused by Our Own People—Review of a Week.

SPRINGFIELD, March 19.—The number of cases of smallpox reported to the state board of health from Chicago is 601. Of these, 128 were reported in 1893 and 477 in 1894 up to March 13. Outside of Chicago thirty cases have been reported, representing thirteen points. All but one case occurred during the present year. There is now smallpox at Braidwood and Spencer, Will county, one case at each place; also at Kingston, DeKalb county; Harvey, Cook county, and one case not officially reported at Elgin. It is a gratifying fact that in no instance where smallpox has appeared in the state has it extended beyond the house originally infected.

Hiler Behind the Bars.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., March 16.—John H. Hiler, the alleged bigamist and general wrecker of women's hearts and lives, who arrived here from Chicago in custody of Deputy Sheriff Slocum of Peoria, is now in the county jail. Mrs. Hiler, who, until a few days ago, was Miss Grace Washburn of Bloomington, came on the same train and was driven to her home immediately. The state's attorney took the case for the prosecution and Hiler engaged an attorney. The case was continued for one week, and in default of $1,000 bail Hiler was locked up.

Charged with Crooked Bookkeeping.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., March 19.—James H. Wilson and E. O. Hopkins, receivers of the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis Consolidated Railway company, have filed a bill in the United States circuit court against the East St. Louis Connecting Railway company for the appointment of a receiver for the defendant and for an accounting. They allege that the operators of the defendant railroad have by fraudulent systems of bookkeeping made it appear that the gross earnings have been annually less than $160,000.

Ordered to Put on a New Train.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., March 16.—In the matter of the complaint of the citizens of Benton, Franklin county, et al. vs. the St. Louis, Alton and Terre Haute Railroad company, for better train service, the state board of railroad and warehouse commissioners has ordered the railroad company to put on as additional to the "limited" train now running a daily passenger train on the Belleville and Eldorado division, and that they operate their road as a continuous line between East St. Louis and Eldorado.

Of Interest to Rural Schools.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., March 20.—State Superintendent of Public Instruction Raab has issued a call for conferences of county superintendents to consider the revision of the course of study in rural schools, recent enactments of the legislature, and other matters, to be held as follows: May 6, Carbondale; May 9, East St. Louis; May 10, Olney; May 15, Chicago; May 16, Galesburg; May 17, Decatur.

Death of an Illinois Journalist.

QUINCY, Ills., March 16.—James Gallagher, city librarian of Quincy, and an old newspaper man, died yesterday morning, aged 59 years. He was for ten years associate editor of the Illinois State Journal at Springfield and also publisher of the Pittsfield Old Flag. He was connected with both the Quincy Herald and Whig prior to his appointment as city librarian.

Bitten by a Mad Dog.

NEWMAN, Ills., March 17.—A mad dog was killed in this city by Marshal Foley, but not until it had badly bitten the 9-year-old child of Mrs. John Anderson. The child's face was torn almost into shreds by the dog and no doubt had it not been for the timely appearance of a man with a club, the dog would have eaten the child.

Lieutenant Governor Gill Notified.

MURPHYSBORO, Ills., March 16.—Lieutenant Governor Gill received official notification of Governor Altgeld's intended departure for a several weeks' sojourn in the south. On account of important private business engagements in Murphysboro Mr. Gill will be unable to leave for Springfield for several days.

Vaccination for Poorhouses.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., March 16.—Secretary Miner, of the state board of public charities, has sent out circulars to all superintendents of county poor farms in the state ordering them to have every inmate vaccinated. Secretary Scott, of the state board of health, has sent similar circulars to all county physicians.

Chicago Gives Up a Good Thing.

CHICAGO, March 15.—The alluring plan to move Manufacturers building from Jackson park to the lake front and in it hold annual fairs, horse shows, big conventions and other great gatherings has been finally and forever abandoned. Money was not forthcoming.

Looking for a Siege of Smallpox.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., March 15.—A case of virulent smallpox is officially reported from Braidwood, Ills. A general outbreak of the pest is anticipated in this state.

Denver Union Depot Burned.

DENVER, March 19.—The handsome Union depot at the foot of Seventeenth street, covering two blocks from Sixteenth street to Eighteenth street, was burned. The fire started in the attic of the west wing from the electric light wires, and at the very moment when it seemed as if the blaze would be confined to that wing, flames burst forth at the tower at the center of the main structure. Only the east wing and the stone walls are left. Nearly all the baggage was saved, but important papers and records were lost. The loss is estimated at $225,000; insurance $125,000.

Objections at Danville, Ills.

DANVILLE, March 19.—A large crowd of men here objected to the Irish flag which was floating over a dry goods building on St. Patrick's day. At the request of a committee the proprietors after first hoisting the American flag above the emblem of Ireland for a few minutes took both flags down and the excitement subsided.

Bat Shea in a Bad Box.

TROY, N. Y., March 19.—Up to the close of the inquest here into the murder of Robert Ross on election day four persons have positively identified Bat Shea as the man who fired the shot that killed Ross.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

The New Brunswick, N. J., robber factory and the Meyer Rubber company's plant at Milltown have closed down, throwing about 1,000 men out of employment.

W. Evans, a farmer living near Grinnell, Ia., fell from his wagon and broke his neck.

Henry J. Ellicott of Washington city, whose design has been accepted, will be given the contract for a bronze equestrian statue of General W. S. Hancock.

Michael Altifilish and John Kegler, 15-year-old boys, were drowned while crossing the river at Bellevue, Ia.

Joseph Brunk was dangerously injured by being caught in the machinery of his flourmill at Kewanna, Ind.

Populists of North Dakota met at Fargo and drafted a plan of campaign. It was decided to begin a vigorous canvass and keep it up until election.

The 2-year-old son of E. B. Shepherd of Columbus, O., ate concentrated lye and will probably die from the effects.

⁂

William Sutterer of Alton, Ills., who robbed his dying mother of a $300 certificate of deposit and forged her name, has been arrested in St. Louis.

The trial of Banker A. W. Little, charged with killing B. E. Johnson, was begun at Olathe, Kan. A jury was not secured.

A dividend of 33⅓ per cent. was paid to depositors of the defunct American Savings bank at Omaha, Neb.

Senator Richard Coke of Texas has written a letter to friends in Texas saying he would not be a candidate for re-election.

Horace M. Hadley has been appointed receiver for the Bedford Stone company at Bedford, Ind. The total assets are $95,000. The liabilities are about $50,000.

Charles Deming and Frank St. John have been captured in Michigan charged with assaulting James Cobb at Valparaiso, Ind., and robbing him of $500.

Charles Hawkins of Durand, Ills., was instantly killed while out duck hunting. He was pulling the gun from a boat. He leaves an invalid widow and three children.

Elias D. Defevre fell dead in his barn at Sterling, Ills.

⁂

The city council at Paris, Ills., has offered a reward of $200 for the capture of the murderer of Max Blackburn.

James Howard, an American civil engineer, said to be a resident of Michigan, was drowned in the Gulf of California near Guaymas.

The state convention of Prohibitionists meets in Indianapolis and will try to form a coalition with the Populists.

Ex-State Bank Examiner Holman has become a candidate for congress in the Tenth Indiana district. The other candidates are William Johnson of Valparaiso, Captain Swigert of Logansport and Charles Landis of Delphi.

Henry Kennedy shot and fatally wounded Frank Cheatham, a notorious rioter, at Blackford, Ky.

The net gold in the treasury is $107,150,544, a loss of $231,298 since Monday, solely on account of quarterly pensions paid in gold in San Francisco.

Ex-Deputy Collector Walter P. Shaw was placed on trial at Louisville for violating civil service rules.

In Festival hall, at the Midwinter fair, the teachers' congress, the first of a series, was largely attended.

⁂

Joseph Zipler, a young farmer of Neenah, Wis., was fatally injured by the accidental discharge of a gun.

The fruit importers of New Orleans have organized an association and agreed to reject the claims of customers in other cities for damaged fruit.

Over fifty horses, including stock on one farm valued at $12,000, have been killed and cremated in Arizona because they were affected with glanders.

Eugene Cartier, a wealthy farmer of Allison, O., 75 years old, was thrown from his carriage and killed.

Carl Hensel, a Grand Rapids drug clerk, died, probably from the effects of an experimental dose of some medicine.

George Van Eaton was arrested on the charge of running an illicit still near Pawnee, I. T., and selling liquor to the Osage Indians. His wife gave information to the officers and he has had her arrested on a charge of perjury.

Albert Eding of Zeeland, Mich., was fined for killing game out of season.

Miss Eliza Mack of Freeburg, Ills., fell from a stepladder, sustaining injuries that have caused her to become hopelessly insane.

⁂

Michael Altfleisch and John Kegler, aged 15 and 14 years, respectively, fell from a rowboat near Clinton, Ia., and were drowned.

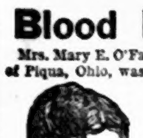
In a quarrel at Ladoga, Ind., James Starke struck John Linkenbroker with a club and killed him.

Rev. Dr. Lucius R. Page, who is said to be the oldest Universalist clergyman living, has just celebrated his 92d birthday at his home in Cambridgeport, Mass.

Robert Herschell, a painter of Mount Olive, Ills., stabbed himself to death because of financial despondency.

Isaac L. Hill was chosen as the Republican candidate for mayor of Des Moines, Ia.

By request of Governor McKinley, says the Boston Journal, the Home Market club is sending a large number of Hon. Thomas B. Reed's tariff speech to Ohio.



Blood Poisoning

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. Her husband spent hundreds of dollars without any benefit. She weighed but 78 pounds, and saw no prospect of help.

Mrs. M. E. O'Fallon.

At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says, "I became perfectly cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 pounds, eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.
Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription	$2.50
Six Months	1.25
Single Copies	05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each.	2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, MARCH 24, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—
[illegible]

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—
"Erminie."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—
"In Old Kentucky.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—
"The Rainmakers.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—
The Lilliputians.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, betweet Dearborn and Clark—
"Charley's Uncle."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—
"Hoss and Hoss."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash aveune and Nineteenth street—
Hopkins' Transoceanic Company.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, Between Madison and Monroe.—
"Eight Bells."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

> "It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
> Alone can make the English reel,
> But wisdom working day by day
> Till comes the time for passion's sway;
> The patient dint and powder shock
> Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
> —*Thomas Davis.*

NOTICE.

Several reports of St. Patrick's Day exercises in different parts of the country have been crowded out this week.

GLADSTONE ACCUSED OF TREACHERY.

The *Irish Independent*, daily Parnellite organ, published in Dublin, on the eve of Gladstone's resignation printed a vigorous utterance from its London correspondent, which contained a very large ingredient of bitter, biting, burning truth. The letter in the *Independent* virtually brands Mr. Gladstone as a deserter, and, indeed, it does seem as if he unnecessarily laid down his burden in the very crisis of the struggle. THE CITIZEN has always said that the Whigs are rotten. They, even more than the Tories, are our hereditary enemies. Cromwell was a Whig-Radical in politics, and King William III was the head and front of the bloody Whigs who violated the treaty of Limerick and subsesequently enacted the infamous penal laws.

Following is an excerpt from the *Independent* correspondence:

"Mr. Gladstone can see as well as I can, and is under no physical compulsion to retire from public life. No doubt he feels the fatigue of the laborious nights now more than he did in the past, but there is no reason why he should pass laborious nights in the house of commons, save his own obstinacy. He is not a laborer who must dig and delve at the orders of a master. He has but to intimate a wish, and his attendance in the house of commons could be reduced to half an hour each day, save when, on rare occasions, he would be called on to make a speech or a statement of policy. His work in the house of commons could be reduced to the limits of the mildest exercise of a valetudinarian, without the public service suffering in the slightest degree.

"Even if Mr. Gladstone were absolutely blind it would be no excuse for him deserting his post. It is not by his eyes that he had guided the ship of government so long, but by the internal light of the mind, which is independent of physical sight. Mr. Fawcett was a minister in Mr. Gladstone's cabinet, and yet he was blind! Why, then, should failing sight be alleged as a reason for abandoning power and betraying the millions of Irish simpletons who placed faith in his promises? If ever a man was bound in honor to stand fast to the death, that man is William Ewart Gladstone. He tempted the base time-servers of the Irish representation to betray their leader, because he had committed an error from which few among themselves were free. and now he basely abandons the rogues and fools who listened to him, and the simpletons who aided the rogues and the fools in their treachery. What have the Sextons, Healys and O'Briens to say for themselves today? Their demi-god abandons them after they have sacrificed at his feet the labors of a whole generation of their race.

"These men are too deeply sunk in dishonesty to dare even now to tell the people the truth. They must know that with Mr. Gladstone's disappearance all hope of carrying Home Rule disappears for this generation. If they were honest or honorable, or even decent, men they would retire in a body, and tell the people whom they have deluded that their usefulness was at an end, but there is not the least hope that such an honorable course will be pursued. For them the interest of the nation is as nothing; the interest of their own vanity and their own profit everything. But now they are face to face with the result of their own action, and with the promises with which they beguiled the Irish people. Mr. Gladstone was to be the new Moses to lead the Irish Whigs into the promised land. Now he abandons them in the desert, and the Healys, Sextons and O'Briens will have to grope their own way to Home Rule. What do the bishops and the curates think of the new situation? Evidently they are called on to do something. They showed clearly enough the power they wield to destroy; now is the time to show that they have also the power to heal and build up. Any fool can destroy in a day more than the wisest man can create in a lifetime."

The *Independent's* letter writer is somewhat too severe on the McCarthyites, but a little wholesome flagellation will do them good. Since the *Independent* man wrote as quoted, they have acted manfully on Labouchere's successful motion, since rescinded, to abolish the house of lords. In our humble opinion Lord Rosebery is a milk and water trimmer, and, on general principles, is no good.

DEATH OF THE PATRIOT, KOSSUTH.

The brave, uncompromising patriot of Hungary, Louis Kossuth, is no more. He died in Turin, Italy, on Tuesday at the great age of 92 years, having refused to live in his own country under Austrian rule, whether actual or nominal. He occupied, in fact, toward Austria about the same attitude that John Mitchel occupied toward England, but he went even farther than Mitchel. He would not set his foot on Hungarian soil, so long as Hungary acknowledged the Austrian emperor as her king. Kossuth was the style of patriot who sows the seed in order that others may reap the harvest. The lessons he taught Hungary in his youth and early manhood promoted her national spirit, led her into the glorious, if unsuccessful, revolt of 1848, when Russia basely aided Austria in crushing the patriots, and finally inspired her, when Austria's difficulty arose in 1866, to declare her legislative independence and compel the Kaiser of Hapsburg to be crowned her king. Kossuth was an orator of the first rank, and his tour in this country, during 1851-2, is still remembered by the older generation. While the world produces such heroes, tyranny will ever find itself baffled, and popular liberty cannot be entirely destroyed.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND'S "MODERATION."

In his sermon on St. Patrick's Day, in the Cathedral of St. Paul, the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland, said, among other things, that there might be "too aggressive a spirit of Irish nationalism in America." We cannot agree with his grace. "Irish nationalism" has no conflict whatever with American loyalty, and if the Irish question, which is the burning question of the century, were settled to Ireland's satisfaction, then, indeed, Irish nationalism in this country might not be so "aggressive" as it is. While that question remains unsettled, Irish nationalism here and the world over will be growing more "aggressive" all the time. The tendency of Archbishop Ireland's style of Americanism is to narrow human sympathies on this continent down to American interests alone. There is, however, a big world outside of America, which also belongs to the brotherhood of mankind. The Irish-American element constitutes from one-fourth to one-third, at a moderate computation, of the people of this country, which belongs to them the same as to the rest of the American people.

Irish nationalism in America and in Ireland means opposition to the British pretension of superiority, and that is why it is unpopular with a certain class of Anglo-Americans and of anti-Irish Irishmen, who are as great a curse to America and Ireland as are the malevolent A.P.As and the crazy Orangemen. If there is any man in this country who thoroughly upsets our stomach, it is the peace at any price, cowardly Irish "Catholic," who is forever afraid of Anglo-American and English "public opinion." To Jericho with the public opinion of the spawn of the traitor Tories of 1776 and their recent reinforcements from the Orange strongholds of Great Britain, Canada and Ulster! The Irish Nationalists—the "aggressive" Nationalists—are the best Americans in this country. They detest England and English influences, and without the Nationists there would be mighty little of true American pluck—the pluck of John Sullivan, and "Jack" Barry and Andrew Jackson and Admital Stewart, and James Shields, Thomas F. Meagher and Phil Sheridan left in this country. The Irish are not alone aggressive as Irishmen. They are doubly aggressive as Americans. The British in this country and their allies know this and hate them accordingly. Archbishop Ireland is a good man, but he fatigues us exceedingly.

CAPTAIN F. D. GARRETTY, U.S.A.

The sixty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Captain Frank D. Garretty, of the Seventeenth Infantry, retired, was celebrated recently in New York by a pleasant dinner given him in a leading restaurant of that city by a number of his military and civic friends. Many bright speeches were made on the occasion, the Captain himself responding happily to the toast of "The Army and Navy." Captain Garretty, although retired, is still a young and vigorous looking man, fully capable of fighting the battles of his country, whenever called upon to again unsheath his sword. The age limit alone compelled him to leave active service, to which he devoted thirty-three years of his life. He fought all through the Civil War, and in nearly all the Indian campaigns since its close. THE CITIZEN congratulates Captain Garrity on his sixty-fifth anniversary.

DISGUSTING FLUNKEYS.

There are "loyal" cranks who disgrace themselves by their dirty habits. Contact with royalty seems to have a baneful effect on the Ladies' Welsh Choir, who were invited to sing before Queen Vic. While they were being shown over the royal yacht, Alberta, they discovered that the Princess of Wales had just washed her hands and the vessel had not yet been emptied. A degrading rush was made for the basin, in the course of which faces were mutually slapped, and ears viciously pulled in efforts to drink the precious fluid! What weak-minded and disgusting creatures these women are.

This story reminds THE CITIZEN of an anecdote of a gallant captain of English Hussars, who in the early years of the present century, was invited to the table of an old lord-lieutenant married to a very young wife. The officer happened to be seated beside this fascinating creature. After dinner the finger bowl with a little napkin went the rounds. When it came to the lady's turn she wiped her greasy fingers—she had the pick at a leg of a fowl—after which he took the bowl from her hands and drank half the contents. There was enough, however, of the water left to enable her to throw it right in his face. All the guests said: "Served him right!" as he proceeded confusedly to mop his face with a handkerchief.

THE election of Mr. Carl Moll, cashier of the National Bank of Illinois, to the presidency of the Board of West Park Commissioners has given universal satisfaction.

MR. JOHN F. FINERTY and MR. M. J. Murphy will deliver their joint lecture on "The Story and Songs of Ireland" which has been so successful in the East, in the Auditorium, at Kansas City, Mo., on Easter Sunday evening. The lecture will be under the auspices of St. Mary's parish Catholic societies, Rev. James Phelan pastor. A very large attendance is anticipated.

LABOUCHERE'S income from *Truth* is $80,000 a year. About twenty years ago he inherited a large fortune from a titled bachelor uncle. He accepted the money, but scorned to wear the title. On a portion of this money he started *Truth*, and he paid fancy prices to poor dowager duchesses at court, and chamberlains of her majesty for spicy gossip about royal personages which swelled the circulation of his paper enormously. He kept most scrupulous confidence with the court scribes, and no one has been enabled to establish their identity, though several secret inquiries were attempted in that direction, but in vain.

MR. JERRY SIMPSON expects to see thirty-five more Populists in the next house, and thinks they will hold the balrnce of power. His party will nominate a presidential candidate for '96, and having carried eight states in 1892, additions are expected two years hence. Jerry Simpson would sooner put on his socks than tell a lie, which is saying a great deal for his veracity.

MR. T. P. O CONNOR'S *Sun*, which, by-the-bye, will be suspended in April, thanks to financial disasters, referring to Mr. Justin McCarthy's interview with Mr. Gladstone after that gentleman's resignation, oracularly announces that the memorable conversation wound up with these words: "I am not permitted further to go," which may some day be told to the world. Could it be that the old chief was ousted from the premiership by traitors in his own camp?

THE difficulties which the new British government will have to face meet them on the very threshold of their journey. Will the Evicted Tenants' bill be rejected by the house of lords? It is all a question of money. If the landowners are handsomely compensated, they will; if not, they won't. Now, as to compensation, we know that there will be a budget deficit of two or three millions, and that, moreover, the Radicals will not stand a very large compensation to the Irish landlords.

A MOST interesting item has been revealed about the matrimonial intentions of Justice White, the newly appointed judge of the supreme court. Although he is on the verge of the fifties, it is said that he is to take to his bosom in lawful wedlock the young twenty-five year old widow of Linden Kent, once a popular lawyer, who was executor of the late General Sheridan's estate, and who settled a handsome fortune on his youthful relict. Justice White is a rich man himself, and despite his ripe age has not a wrinkle on his genial ruddy face. His red hair is a little thin in spots, but still shelters his head tolerably well.

IN Mr. James K. McGuire, a prosperous young merchant and widely known litterateur of Syracuse, N.Y., his native city, possesses an orator of genuine promise, scholarly, impressive and inspiring. He has a friendly rival in Mr. John J. Cummins, who is also engaged in business. Usually, the orators are found among the lawyers of the race, or the clergy, but Syracuse is an exception to the rule. Her two foremost youthful orators are men of business training.

COUNT MURAT is at present classifying and arranging for publication a number of papers left by his granduncle, the celebrated cavalry leader, and brother-in-law of the First Napoleon, and sometime king of Naples, who was shot in 1815. It is anticipated that these hitherto unpublished documents will throw a new light on the notable personages who figured in the Napoleonic era, as well as on the events which took place in the early portion of the present century.

THE Guinesses have waxed fat and wealthy on Irish porter. Mr. Henry Guiness, J.P., of Burton Hall, Stillorgan, county Dublin, late of the firm of Guiness, Mahon & Co., College Green, who died recently, left a million of dollars behind him. Porter is mighty, and shall prevail.

THE Southampton Gladstonian Radical Association refused by a majority of votes to drink at a banquet a health to the Queen. Of course there was sure to be a servile crawling Irishman in the minority who had the effrontery to proclaim himself an Irish Nationalist—heaven save the mark! The flunkey's name was O'Meara.

THERE is a renewal of the rumor—denied over a year ago—that Secretary of the Navy Herbert, an old widower, is to marry Mrs. Manning, the young widow of Mr. Dan Manning, one of Herbert's Democratic predecessors in office. Widows are in much demand just now in high circles. Young maidens won't relish by any means this sad condition of things.

THE CITIZEN understands that a marriage is in contemplation between Lord Rosebery and the Duchess of Albany, the young and buxom widow of the Queen's youngest son, the late Duke of Albany. The duchess was the daughter of a poor German princeling. Her sister made an unfortunate match with the old and driveling King of Holland, to whom she acted more in the capacity of a nurse than in that of a wife. Lord Rosebery has been a frequent visitor at Claremont, the residence of the Duchess, where he wooed and won the bouncing relict. It only awaits the consent of old Vic., who, however, will willingly consent, for one day recently when it was very foul weather Rosebery happened to meet the dear old lady, who said: "Very muggy weather, my Lord." "'Tis always fair weather where your Majesty is." This tickled the sovereign immensely. The Earl will be created Duke by his marriage with the Duchess in order to raise him to the rank of his handsome wife, but she will lose her annuity £25,000 on account of being no longer the widow of Albany.

IT is positively shameful with what coolness—not to say negligence—the retirement of Mr. Gladstone has been treated by the London Liberal press. He was the man who of all others was in earnest on the Irish question, and undoubtedly it was in some measure the lukewarmness of certain of his supporters in that connection that weighed with him in consenting to be the victim of the undoubted intrigue by which he was actually driven from office.

THE death of Mr. Frank Lally, son of Mr. John Lally, a well known merchant of this city, which occurred last week, has caused great sorrow among a very large circle of friends in this city and elsewhere. He was a young gentleman of bright promise, and of excellent disposition. Mr. Lally was brother-in-law to Mr. John A. Qualey, the distinguished lawyer and promoter.

THE scandalous practice of selling the role of chaperon by needy dowagers at the drawing-rooms of her British majesty has received a decided setback at the hands of that sovereign. It seems that several of these parchment-skinned, penniless haridans netted a fortune by advertising in the *Times* that they would introduce wealthy American girls to her majesty's receptions for a considerable sum of money. The little old lady of Windsor, on hearing of this flagrant conduct, has discovered who the mercenary duchesses were, and she has removed their names from her visiting list.

IN a week or so Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, London, will bring out Mrs. K. Tynan-Hinkson's Irish prose sketches, entitled "A Cluster of Nuts." There is an introductory little poem with a title in Irish and a two-line motto that the sketches are Irish of the Irish, and nothing else. Many of the pieces have appeared already in various periodicals. Some indications of their nature may be gathered from such titles as "A Village Jaynius," "Mad Molly," "A Spoilt Priest," and "Harvesters." Mrs. Hinkson is a facile and interesting prose writer.

THE IRISH FLAG.

[*To the Editor.*]

Last St. Patrick's Day the municipal buildings of several American cities stultified themselves by not having the Irish flag floating in the breeze over them. The intriguers who pulled the wires behind the scenes have insulted the Irish race not only in this country but also in the cradle of their origin beyond the seas. These miserable canting knaves have exposed themselves by their dastardly conduct. Did they not know that it was the flag dear to the heart of the dashing Irish-American commodore, Jack Barry, who was the terror of British commerce on the blue waters of the Atlantic Ocean? Were they not aware that that immortal flag was seen on several historic battlefields of the Revolutionary war guarding with its emerald colors the brave Irishmen who, like the French, were aiding the colonies to shake off the ignoble yoke of Britain in the land? Did it ever come to the knowledge of these ignorant catiffs that the Green Flag was seen floating in glory for the Union over the onward charge of General Meagher's brigade at Fredericksburg and on many another

> "Field of fame
> Whose lustre gilds each haloed name
> Of Celt and Gael!"

It was the flag dear to bold Montgomery, to the gallant Andrew Jackson, to Shields and Corcoran, and Logan and Sheridan, all of whom had the pure drop of the genial and valiant Irish blood in their veins.

The record of these men and their love of the Irish flag did not interfere with their love for their chosen country. They could never give the mother up, or see her insulted, in order to please the wife. But in this case it is only the blue nosed bigots that are to blame, and not the liberty-loving American who is in thorough and hearty sympathy with, and who has proved his loyalty to the cause of Irish liberty by generous words and still more practically generous dollars. Let it not be said that these United States of ours are either hostile or indifferent to Ireland. What Irishmen did to build up this country entitles them as much to the ownership of this nation as the bluest of blue-blooded Pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock from the Mayflower. The Irish here have earned the right to be respected. They built up this great Republic by the sweat of their honest brows. They have dug in the mines when many native Americans feared to soil their dainty fingers by doing so. They pierced the bowels of the earth delving for coal to add to the prosperity of the nation. They laid thousands of miles of railroad track, out West, and thus developed the resources of the country. They cleared the primeval forests, and changed the face of the land into farms and pasturages. Eminent alike in the professional and mercantile departments they have made fortunes and a name the splendor of which commanded respect at the hands of the natives. Mackey of California, late of Dublin; Flood, of Cavan, and Eugene Kelly of New York, late of the North of Ireland, are only very few of the millionaires who have been born in the old country, and who have taught this new world the art of amassing wealth.

The knaves and flunkeys who insulted the flag of all these Irishmen who rendered such devoted service to the United States, should be hunted from office by the votes of true Americans and Irishmen should they have political jobs. Thus they would be taught a severe but a necessary, and a possible profitable lesson, that the Irish people in this country cannot be insulted with impunity, and they are resolved to crush politically and otherwise every rampant and bluenosed foe of themselves and their ever glorious old flag. D.

IRISHMEN IN TRAINING.

How Great Britain Trains a Large Percentage of Her Army for the American Service.

[*To the Editor.*]

It is a fact not generally known, perhaps, that the British army is a training school for the American service. Before many years elapse the English government may learn the trutn of this assertion. Her cruel and dishonorable treatment of Ireland is the means of driving thousands of her trained soldiers to the United States every year, in hopes that here they may get a chance of striking her a blow. It is often wondered at, and sometimes asked, why an Irishman anyway joins the English army? To answer this a few explanatory details are necessary: An Irish boy at the age of 17 or 18 years cannot clearly see the despotic hand that impoverishes his country. Under the national system of school education he has no advantage of prying into books that may tend to enkindle in his breast a spirit of patriotism. He hears the strains of martial music, and allured by the gorgeous appeal of a recruiting sergeant, he enlists in the service of her "gracious" majesty.

After twelve months' drill around the Fox Hills and Long Valley of Aldershot (England) he is drafted out to some plague stricken country, Egypt, Africa or India. In either of these countries, while not fighting for territory or commercial advantages, he commences to see things in the light of reason. He visits the library and carefully peruses those volumes relating to the history of his country which at home he never could have seen. He now understands for the first time the intolerable wrongs and oppression inflicted upon his country by the government for whom a short while before he was willing to die. All his thoughts are now turned to studying how to injure that government who by fraud and usurpation robbed him of his country and liberty. At the bombardment of Alexandria in July, 1882, Irishmen were heard to say, "We will know how to bombard the house of lords when serving with an American fleet."

The writer is only stating actual facts. He was scarcely 19 years of age when he was in the smoke and tumult of real warfare, and took part in the Soudan Expeditionary Force in Egypt in 1883—and was one of the number who won Lord Wolseley's prize of £100 to the first regiment into Kartoum for the rescue of General Gordon. While the English and Scotch regiments showed pluck and endurance in competing for this prize, they were left behind by the Eighteenth Royal Irish Regiment, who covered a distance of 120 miles in six days, in defiance of harassing obstacles and the ferocious tactics of Arabi Pasha's troops. For the brrvery displayed on this occasion by the Irish regiment, they received the £100, and a silver medal—and what was supposed to be still greater, a vote of thanks by her majesty's parliament. But mark—the thanks of this august assembly had scarcely been expressed, when they passed a rigid coercion act for the destruction of the homes and property of those very men whose valor they had so recently acknowledged.

Was there ever such nauseating and barefaced hypocrisy? Is it not enough to chill the heart of any honest man, let alone an Irishman?

Keen and penetrating statesmen like Mr. Gladstone can clearly see that England has reached the meridian of her glory, and that she is destined to fall with a greater crash, perhaps, than the mighty Empire of Rome that once extended from the Atlantic Ocean to the Euphrates, and from the mouth of the Rhine to the deserts of Africa. In substantiation of the opening remarks this letter cannot be better concluded than by quoting the words of Jehu Baker, taken from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* of Feb. 25: "In the course of time and nature it is evident that Great Britain will be discrowned of all her great colonies, and that the diadem of India will drop from her brow. Gladstone, Salisbury, Dilke—all her competent statesmen and men of insight—know this thoroughly well; and there is much to indicate that the impending dissolution of the empire—in great part at least—will probably be an affair of decades rather than centuries. In justification of this remark, which is by no means flung out at hazard, but upon careful reflection, I will only invite intelligent attention to what Caanada and Australasia now are, and to what is likely to be their condition in our swiftly moving age—thirty, forty, or fifty years hence. As to the British power in India, it may be compared to a vast pyramid held by foreign force upon its apex; and no one can tell the hour when some extraordinary strain upon England in Europe, or some sudden cataclysm in India itself, may bring the whole artificial arrangement down." The fatal, memorable defect of the British Empire is that it is estentially fragmentary, inorganic and unstable.

JOHN J. BURNS,
Sergt. Co. G, 20th Infantry.
FORT ASSINEBOINE, Mont.

SEVENTH REGIMENT NOTES.

The Seventh Infantry, I.N.G., attended mass at St. Mary's church, on St. Patrick's morning, General Wheeler being present at the service. After mass they acted as escort to the Irish societies who took part in the parade. The regiment made a fine appearance, and were loudly cheered along the line of march.

The second battallion, commanded by Major Garrett Carroll, will drill on the first Thursday of each month. Recruits will drill hereafter on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday evenings.

The target practice season opens on May 1, and closes on October 31. Until the opening of the range, which is situated at Waukegan, the regiment will have gallery practice in the Armory under the supervision of Capt. Hyland, inspector of rifle practice.

Company E's grand ball, which took place at the South Side Turner Hall on St. Patrick's night, was a complete success, both socially and financially; the only drawback was that the hall was not large enough to accomodate the members who wished to trip the light fantastic. The exhibition drill which took place after supper reflects great credit on Captain Moriarty and his men; they were loudly cheered by those present as they executed each command with a precision that was remarkable. The following men comprised the drill team: Sergeants W. Butler, J. McCarthy, L. Flemming, M. J. Murphy; Corporal M. Gooley, Privates J. Moran, M. Mulligan, P. Skerrett, J. J. O'Malley, F. Rigney, J. Martin, T. O'Connell, J. Windle, E. Morrisey, T. Crayton, and James Gaskins. Every one started for home about 4 a.m., seemingly well pleased at having spent an enjoyable evening, and determined to attend the next ball given by Company E.

Company C also gave a ball at the North Side Turner Hall, which was well attended and a complete success. The hall was tastefully decorated, prominent features were the pictures of the Irish-American generals who fought and bled to preserve the Union.

The Seventh Infantry will go into camp at Springfield on July 24 for their annual instruction.

HYMENEAL.

KELLEY-COYNE.

Mr. E. J. Kelley and Miss Julia Coyne, both of this city, were recently joined in matrimonial bonds by Rev. Father Mooney, at the Cathedral of the Holy Name. Mr. Kelley is well known in business and social circles. The bride is a daughter of Gilbert Coyne, one of the old settlers of the North Division. The Cathedral was filled with relatives and friends of the contracting parties on the afternoon of the 17th inst., the date of the nuptials. Mr. J. F. Raycraft acted as best man, and Miss Mamie Coyne as bridesmaid. The bride looked bewitching in a suit of old rose-corded silk with trimmings of lace and natural flowers. Miss Coyne wore old rose silk with trimmings of lace and flowers. A wedding supper was given at the residence of the bride's parents on East Huron street. It was numerously attended. The bride received many costly and elegant presents. The happy couple left on the late train for the East, and will be at home to their friends at their future home about May 1.

The Earlier symptoms of dyspepsia, such as distress after eating, heartburn, and occasional headaches, should not be neglected. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla if you wish to be cured.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

ST. PATRICK HONORED

By a Fine Procession and Church Services in Chicago, and by Lectures, and Other Exercises, Throughout the Union.

Lectures by John F. Finerty on "The Celtic Element in American Life" and "St. Patrick and Irish Nationality" In Minneapolis and West Superior.

THE DAY IN CHICAGO.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, says the graphic reporter of the *Inter-Ocean*, the Haymarket Square wore the appearance which old College Green in Dublin assumes when the lively people of the Irish capital assemble for a great home rule procession. If the effigy of the big policeman commanding peace could be displaced for a few moments with the statue of Henry Grattan demanding liberty the picture would have been complete. In all other particulars the gathering of the Chicago Gaels was an exact reproduction of a great holiday scene before the walls of Ireland's deserted parliament house.

There were bands and green flags and tumultuous enthusiasm, and crowds of pretty colleens and thousands of stalwart patriots that would have made poor Parnell's heart bound with joy could he have lived to see how brightly the hopes still burn which inspired him to battle for his country's independence.

Thanks to the excellent arrangements of Chief Marshal John T. Keating, there was no hitch in the formation of the processionists, and when, with a majestic flourish, a big drum major gave the signal to his band the column was in readiness to step out to the inspiriting strains of "The Wearing of the Green." The parade was formed as follows:

Platoon of Police, Lieutenant Barrett commanding.
Grand Marshal John T. Keating, with aides.
Knights of St. Patrick, Knight Commander J. H. Carmody in charge.
Carriages containing the officers of the Irish-American Council.

FIRST DIVISION.

Lawrence Henely, Division Marshal.
Seventh Regiment, I.N.G., commanded by Col. F. T. Colby, 450 men.
Holy Name Cadets.
Holy Rosary Cadets.

SECOND DIVISION.

Capt. J. P. Coan, Division Marshal.
Father Matthew Cadets.
Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society, 150 men.
St. Pius Temperance Society.

THIRD DIVISION.

P. B. Flanagan, Division Marshal.
Divisions No. 1 to 37, Ancient Order of Hibernians, 1,500 men.

FOURTH DIVISION.

T. O'Neill Jones, Division Marshal.
Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew, J. F. O'Brien commanding.
Gaelic Athletic Association:
Emmets.
Innisfails.
Davitts.
Sarsfields.
Finertys.
Liberators.
O'Mahonys.

FIFTH DIVISION.

M. J. Kelly, Division Marshal, in place of M. McInerney.
Companies A, B, C, and D, Clan-na-Gael Guards, in command of Major L. R. Buckley, 260 men.
Citizens on Foot.
Clergy, Election Commissioners, County Commissioners, and Citizens in Carriages.

Marshal Keating was attended by the following mounted aides, who wore broad, green sashes:

Daniel Corkery, Col. F. T. Colby, W. H. Joyce, Roger C. Sullivan, P. B. Flanagan, county delegate A.O.H.; E. Cummings, A. J. Ford, John E. Long, M. J. Kelly, James Clark, D. F. O'Connor, John Dowling, Thomas Ahern, South Chicago; Lawrence Henely, state delegate A. O. H.; Frank Conroy, Stephen Griffin, James McHale, Thomas H. Cannon, Thomas Cusack, Michael McGuerney, John F. O'Malley, Wm. Lyman, Martin Mulcahy, J. J. Mahoney, James Maher, P. H. Keenan, Michael Bracken, Ald. John Powers, Ald. John Mahoney, Luke Lyons, Con O'Donnell, Frank F. Nichols, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Rev. James Scanlan, Rev. P. J. Dore, Rev. Dennis O'Brien, Rev. E. A. Kelley, Rev. M. McCaffrey, M. J. Keane, J. P. Mahoney, P. H. Keenan, William Houlihan, Capt. John Byrne, Wm. A. Cunnea, P. O'Sullivan, South Chicago; Miles Kehoe, James H. Lynch, Frank Agnew, James C. Strain, M. S. Hyland, M. J. Maloney, Ignatius Sheridan, P. F. Guerin, J. H. Carmody, John F. O'Brien, P. J. Cahill, Capt. P. J. Coan, D. O'Shea, J. Foley, J. F. O'Malley, and M. McNerney.

The Seventh Regiment, I. N. G., under Col. Colby, looked quite martial and imposing.

The Clan-na-Gael Guards cut a most dashing appearance in their cadet gray and green full dress uniforms and their waving plumes of green, yellow and white.

The athletic association, in their smart green jerseys, the Holy Name boys in the pretty zouave uniforms, and the Father Mathew corps in their knightly dress and scarlet plumes were also the objects of admiration.

The line of march was as follows: South on Desplaines street to Jackson; east on Jackson street to Michigan avenue; south on Michigan avenue to Twelfth street; countermarch north to Van Buren street; west on Van Buren to Clark street; north on Clark to Lake street; west on Lake to Market street, and there dispersed.

Crowds were massed along the route of the procession. They were very orderly crowds, and the policemen detailed on duty had no more difficult labor to perform than to swell the proverbial good-humored Irish enthusiasm evoked by the merry music of the bands.

At St. Patrick's church, corner of Desplaines and Adams streets, the parade was reviewed by Archbishop Feehan. The archbishop was attended by Judge Gibbons, Thomas Brennan, Father Smith, Father Egan, Father MacNamee of Peoria, Father Galligan, and several other priests.

On Clark, street in front of the County Building, there was an immense throng which waited patiently for hours for the arrival of the processionists. Here the parade was reviewed by Mayor Hopkins. With the mayor were Corporation Council Rubens, Colonel Henry F. Donovan, Frank Lawler, and other shamrock bedecked patriots.

The green flag did not float from the City Hall, but this did not dampen the ardor of the crowds.

A great shout went up when the rattling notes of "The Rocky Road to Dublin" heralded the approach of the vanguard. The shouts grew in volume as the boys in green stepped past. There were fortissimo passages in the cheering when a band played "The Bansha Peelers" by way of compliment to Chief of Police Brennan. There was another outbreak of enthusiasm when a group of musicians tooted "Come Back to Erin, Mavourneen."

The last band played "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls," and when the echoes of the stirring melody died away in the neighborhood of Lake street the crowds dispersed and the St. Patrick's Day parade was over.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Solemn High Mass at St. Patrick's and St. Mary's Churches—An Irish Sermon at St. Thomas' Church.

The observation of the day on the West Side was inaugurated by the celebration of a solemn high mass in St. Patrick's church, Desplaines and Adams streets, at 10 o'clock.

Archbishop Feehan presided at the ceremony, in full pontificals. On the gospel side of the sanctuary sat the assistant priests, Rev. P. J. Agnew, of St. Sylvester's, and Rev. D. J. Riordan, of St. Elizabeth's. Father E. Smith, of St. Vincent's, officiated at the ceremony, with the assistance of Rev. D.M. Thiele, of St. Francis', deacon of the mass; Rev. P. R. Bultin, of St. Bridget's, subdeacon, and Rev. Dominick Egan, of St. Stephen's, archdeacon of honor. Cimarosa's mass was used for the service. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. W. J. Macnamee, of the Holy Angels', Peoria. He took for his subject "The Mission of the Irish People." During the course of his address Father Macnamee said:

The history of the world is the history of the conflict between two great powers, Christianity and paganism. In this conflict nations as well as individuals are used. Ireland is among the nations what St. Paul was among the apostles.

Two thousand people pressed eagerly forward outside St. Mary's church, Wabash avenue and Eldridge court, to get the best view of the Seventh Infantry, Illinois National Guard, as they entered the house of worship. High military mass was sung in the presence of the guard in honor of the day.

The crowd filled the aisles and packed themselves away in the rear of the auditorium to listen to the mass. Previous to their entrance, however, the color-bearers of the Hibernian Rifles had passed down each of the three aisles and were posted with one of the regimental colors directly before the altar, while in the north aisle was placed the green banner of Ireland, emblazoned with the golden harp of Tara, and in the south aisle the stars and stripes was unfurled.

The guard remained standing during the greater part of the ceremony with heads covered. Miller's mass in G was sung. Rev. Father Edward Kelley was celebrant. Fathers E. A. Murphy and P. O'Dwyer were deacon and subdeacon. Father C. Conway was master of ceremonies. The troops saluted at the elevation of the host.

Services were conducted in the morning at St. Patrick's church, Fifty-fifth street and Kimbark avenue. Members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and Catholic Foresters attended in uniform. Rev. Father Callaghan conducted mass, assisted by Rev. Fathers Hishen and Glennon as deacons. Rev. John J. Carroll preached a sermon in the Gaelic language. He outlined the history of St. Patrick and told of his intimate connection with Irish traditions.

MR. FINERTY'S ST. PATRICK'S LECTURES.

[*To the Editor.*]

DULUTH, Minn., March 19.—Mr. John F. Finerty addressed an immense audience in the Lyceum Opera House, Minneapolis, Minn., on St. Patrick's night, his subject being "The Celtic element in American Life," in which he showed that both the Protestant and Catholic Irish element in this country had done their full duty before, at the time of and since the Revolution. Fully one third of the audience were non-Irish-Americans, and they seemed to be quite as interested as their Irish fellow-citizens. The lecture was under the auspices of the Catholic Society of the Immaculate Conception parish, of which the Rev. J. J. Keane is pastor. As Minneapolis is a kind of headquarters of the A.P.A., Mr. Finerty gave some attention to that bigoted society from the standpoint of American citizenship. After the lecture an informal reception was held at the West Hotel, many leading citizens being present. A large delegation of St. Paul Irish-Americans were present at the lecture.

Mr. Finerty spoke in the largest hall in West Superior, Wis., on Sunday evening, March 18, to an audience of over 2,000 people. His subject was "St. Patrick and the Nationality of Ireland." It was quite evident, judging by the spirit in which the discourse was received, that the Irish-Americans of West Superior, without regard to sex, are ardent and radical Nationalists. About one fourth of the audience were Anglo, or Scotch-Americans, and all remained until the last. It was the largest gathering, for an Irish object, ever seen in West Superior. The lecture was under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and Mr. John H. Vaughn, vice-president, occupied the chair in the unavoidable absence of the president, Mr. P. H. O'Brien. Mr. Vaughn is a talented young lawyer and delivered an eloquent speech in introducing the lecturer of the evening. Several citizens of both Duluth and West Superior asked Mr. Finerty to speak in those cities, on any subject he might choose to name, next fall, or earlier, if he could manage it.

J. R.

[*Minneapolis Tribune, March 18.*]

There was not a man, woman or child who was not the better for being at the Lyceum Theater last evening, to aid by their presence and attention the celebration to the memory of St. Patrick. There was not an Irishman whose love for the old sod was not deepened, whose sympathies for his suffering countrymen were not quickened, or whose adoration for the Stars and Stripes, the flag of his adoption, was not made stronger and more abiding. It was by far the most enthusiastic St. Patrick's Day celebration Minneapolis has seen for many a day. The music deepened the sympathies and mellowed the fellings, while the words of patriotism and loyalty stirred the heart of every listener.

Mr. John F. Finerty, of Chicago, was the speaker of the evening. Mr. Finerty lays no claim to eloquence, yet, nevertheless, he is an orator who has the power to sway an audience and to carry his listeners to the highest pinnacle of enthusiasm. Last night Mr. Finerty gave his hearers to understand that he was not going to be eloquent. He confined himself to the lines of a historian, and from his wonderful memory cited hundreds of historical events in which the Irish had played a prominent part, for the freedom of the Emerald Isle as well as for the freedom of America. Irish heroes and Irish statesmen, whether Protestant or Catholic, were mentioned with equal enthusiasm, and "The Celtic Element in American Life," which was the subject of his address, was immortalized in glowing terms. The address consumed an hour and a half. Mr. Finerty displayed a wonderful and phenomenal memory for historical facts, and fairly bewildered his hearers with a multitude of pages from Irish history.

(*St Paul Globe, March 18.*)

The St. Patrick's Day entertainment at the Lyceum last night drew out a large audience, especial interest centering in the occasion owing to the presence of Mr. John F. Finerty, the journalist, orator and statesman of Chicago, who was booked to deliver a lecture on "The Celtic Element in American National Life." Judge Mahoney presided, and the programme was made up of vocal and instrumental music and addresses. Preceding the lecture of Mr. Finerty an eloquent address was made by Mayor Eustis. Mr. Finerty was then introduced by Judge Mahoney. In commencing, Mr. Finerty alluded to the career of St. Patrick, saying that the memory of the Saint is revered alike by all Irishmen, whether Protestant or Catholic, as in his character is recognized the elements that go to make up the brotherhood of man. The history of the Anglo-Saxon race was then depicted by Mr. Finerty, and in this connection he made a number of amusing hits. He demonstrated that even the Scotch were only one part Scotch and two-thirds Irish, and that the Anglo-Saxon, so-called, had been reduced by the French to a condition of the utmost servitude. He then traced the fortunes of the Irish from the earliest date, showing that from the time when memory runneth not to the contrary, they had taken a prominent part in the establishment of our government. Their deeds of valor on land and at sea were eloquently described, and in speaking of the A.P.A. he said there was no need of any Catholic American being afraid of their dastardly attacks, as before any band of bigots could trample on their rights they would first have to overthrow the constitution. The lecture of Mr. Finerty bristled with wit and anecdote, and from a historical standpoint it proved a mine of information. He was frequently interrupted with applause.

[*Minneapolis Times, March 18.*]

Last evening a large number of entertainments were held in various sections of the city, where the birth of St. Patrick was remembered in eloquent style. All were largely attended, and everything indicated that while the form of celebration may change, this day is becoming ever dearer to the sons of Ireland. The largest and most important meeting was held at the Lyceum under the auspices of the church of the Immaculate Conception. Here the Hon. John F. Finerty, known the country over for his eloquence, delivered a stirring and inspiring address. It was a frank statement of the part that the Irish had taken in the development of America, and certainly must have been encouraging to the Irish audience which was present. The address was largely historical, but was far from being dry. Mr. Finerty is an entertaining speaker from every point of view, the Hibernian wit being prominent, while the eloquence flows from his lips in a remarkable manner. He paid his respects to the A.P.A. in an emphatic manner, which delighted the audience.

THE DAY IN MILWAUKEE.

The principal St. Patrick's Day celebration in Milwaukee on the glorious 17th was that under the auspices of the Catholic Knights, at which the orators were Messrs. Jeremiah Quin and John T. Kelly. In closing a characteristically eloquent speech, Mr. Quin said: "In the day of her resurrection, when her national monuments will arise in her holiest places, whose names will she inscribe above all the rest on her whitest marble? Every man and woman in this hall will instictively answer, Robert Emmet. So long as the ocean surf breaks upon her granite cliffs, will she revere the memory of that other immortal name which through the dark hours of '98 stood alone,

"Like the aged oak
When the storm around it broke,"

defending her perishing people, his mighty eloquence flashing along that dark ridge of history, as a volcano along a cloudy mountain, the greatest orator, and the truest son she ever nursed, Curran. Nor will Ireland ever forget that other Protestant whom she lately laid to rest beside O'Connell in Glasnevin—that matchless statesman, who inscribed Ireland's cause upon the banner of the great Liberal party of England, Charles Stewart Parnell.

"Our enemies may may traduce us as they will, but through all the clouds, forever stand these two monuments, immortal—the faith of Ireland, which England could never destroy, and the spirit of Ireland, which England can never subdue!"

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

BY WILLIAM J. DAWSON.

My native land, I turn to thee,
Across the wide and rolling sea
I soar on Fancy's wing;
As weary sea-birds homeward fly,
When Night descends with star-lit eye,
And Day is vanishing.

In life's brightest morn, impatient, I
Looked over toward the western sky,
Unclouded, fair and bright;
And left thy shore to wander free
But still with heart unchanged to thee
Through all my weary flight.

Now, after lapse of many years,
Unchecked shall flow the silent tears
That tell an exile's pain.
With memories of thy distant hills
This day of days, my bosom thrills,
A boy am I again.

I pluck the shamrock in the vale,
'Ere first the beams of morning pale
Had kissed its dew away;
That three-fold symbol of thy Truth
Unswerving Faith, perennial Youth,
That we renew today.

And once again my heart is stirred
By every gladsome, warbling bird
Outpouring his sweet strain;
The music of thy murmuring streams,
That lulled me soft to boyhood dreams,
With tender, sad refrain.

Thy towers round, whose heights sublime
Grey-vestured with the mists of Time,
That will not ever speak
The meaning of their mystery,
The secret of their history
To those who constant seek.

Thy Abbeys crumbling with decay,
Memorials of a bygone day,
When listening Europe heard
Thy friars, famed for wondrous lore,
Whose footsteps pressed on every shore,
To preach God's holy word.

The ivy's fingers interlace
And loving clasp in mute embrace
Their sacred walls around;
And aisles where hymnal praise swell'd high,
Now only hear the mournful sigh
The requiem night winds sound.

And as of old, I sit alone
Mute as the figures carved in stone
That simulate Death's sleep,
And watch the moonbeams softly steal
Beside the graves, and silent kneel
Their vigils there to keep.

With hands of light they soft illume
The nameless grave, the voiceless tomb
Of all who sleep below,
But brightest does their radiance fall
On those who answered Freedom's call,
And struck for her a blow!

And whispers strange fall on my ear
Of myriad spirits hovering near
Who loved their country well,
Who left eternity's bright shore
To see her tear-stained face once more,
'Ere sounds the matin bell.

They paint to me each blood stained field,
Where Right to Might was forced to yield,
When Celt and Saxon met;
I tell them, though we've known defeat
The struggle ever we'll repeat
Unconquered are we yet!

That martial host, that vainly tried,
To stem invasion's bloody tide
In silence melt away;
Each chief and kern and gallowglass
With measured tread, slow onward pass
In battle's grim array.

O'Donnell and Great Hugh O'Neill
That made proud Essex' soldiers kneel
And mercy abject crave;
And Sarsfield, who on Landen plain,
Poured out his blood like summer rain,
The bravest of the brave.

The countless thousands too, who fell
By Cromwell's sword, whose heart of hell
Outpoured its lava flood,
Beneath the Cross in Wexford town
And butchered babes and women down
'Till streets ran with their blood.

The peasants, who in Ninety-eight
Their life-stream gave to satiate
The Saxon's thirst for power;
Whose dying eyes prophetic saw
New fetters forged by England's law
In Union's fatal hour.

Lord Edward, Grattan and Wolfe Tone
And Emmet brave, whose graves moss-grown
Unmarked that sacred shrine;
His epitaph, the constant tears
That flow for him thro' endless years
As now, are flowing mine.

The trembling millions, too, go by
That England saw despairing die
In Famine's awful grasp;
As they of old on Calvary
Beheld unmoved Christ's agony
Until his latest gasp!

And one, who lived alone, apart,
While Sorrow's surges beat his heart
With hourly, muffled knell;
The soul that scorned danger, death,
Was withered by Suspicion's breath
Our peerless chief, Parnell!

Oh, Ireland! fruitful mother, fair,
Tho' sorrows great have been thy share,
The glory still is thine
Of sons, whose genius bright shall flame
Eternal on the scroll of fame,
Preserved in Freedom's shrine.

Hope on, the chains that bind thee now
Shall stricken fall, and round thy brow
The laurel will entwine,
Resplendent shall thy star yet rise
Majestic climb the Eastern skies
And there for ever shine!

SGEULTA FIANNAIGHEACHTA.

Eachtradh Lomnochtainn Sleibhe Rím,

Ann so sios, mar leanas.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

"Agus ag fille dúinn go h-Eirinn tar éis ármhór an domhain do chur fá smachd agus fá árdchíos, do tháriuigheas 'san oileán so 'nna m-bidhim; agus mar do chómhnuigheamar ann ag cur sgís agus meirtinidhe dinn do thaithin áille agus aedhear an oileán linn; agus is í cómhairle do cinneadh le d'athair ann, mise d'fhágbháil ag cúmhdach agus ag coimheud an oileáin agus na scoide agus na maoine do thug as críochaibh imchiana an domhain. D'fhág a g-coimhéad agus i d-taisge ann agam, no go d-tigfeá-sa chum aoise, óir ní raibh tú achd a g-cionn trí m-bliadhan an tan sin. Achd cheana, air a d-teachd go h-Eirinn dóibh, níor chian dóibh an tan ba h-aosda d'athairse, agus go d-táinig imreas agus easaontacht eidir mhathaibh Chonnachta uim cheannais na críche, agus go n-deachaidh aire an oileáin as a g-cuimhne, agus go bh-fuil mar sin gan duine gan áitreabh achd mise amháin, mo bhean-chéile agus m'ingean."

Do labhair Diarmuid, agus is é a dubhairt:

"An i sin deilbh no déanamh do bhí ort an uair sin, óir is iongnadh liom seód na maoin, inis no oileán d'fhágbháil air chúmhdach no air chumas aon duine amháin; agus go. h-áirighthe duine nach d-tig leis arm no iolfhaobhar d'imirt no d'iomlot. Agus ní mholfainn féin aon fhocal dá n-abair tú do chreideamhain," ar Diarmuid.

"Ní h-amhlaidh tá, a rígh-mhíleadh," ar an t-óglaoch, "óir ní am' aonar do fágbhadh air an oileán mé; óir do fágbhadh naoi naonbhar d'Fiannaibh Eirionn agam ann, agus arm laoich agus gaisge ag gach aon díobh. Agus do bhíosa féin óg, áluinn, aolchrothach, agus goil agus gaisge agam. Achd cheana, níor thárla bean ag aon duine de na naonbhair sin achd agamsa amháin. Agus is í cómhairle air ar thráchdadar eatorra féin, .i. feall agus fionnghal d'imirt orm-sa agus an bhean do bheith coitchionn eatorra, .i. oidhche ag gach aon duine do réir sinsearachda. Do cineadh an chómhairle sin leó. Agus do h-orduigheadh oidhche áirighthe leo chum báis d'imirt orm-sa. Gleus báis do cuireadh orm ionnus na m-béidheadh gionn no gráin ag an mnaoi leó fá mo bhás, .i. luibhe láidire agus lasa nimhe agus nimharbhtha do chumasgadh trí n-a chéile, agus deoch do dhéanamh de do bhéarfadh bás dom; agus do fágbhadh an deoch air slighe a h-ólta agam anns an g-corn 'nn ar gnáth liom deoch d'ibhe as ag dul a chodla dam. An oidhche sin mar gach oidhche eile, geabhaim an corn líonta air an bh-fuinneóig rómham agus ibhim deoch as, agus thárla dom' mhnaoi gur ghabh iota agus mór-thart í an oidhche sin seach gach oidhche eile, agus d'iarr an corn orm-sa go n-ibheadh deoch as. Agus do thugas sin di. Ciodtrácht, air n-dul d'ár n-iomdha dúinn araon, do chuaidh ár g-ciall agus ár g-ceadfádh, ár neart, ár m-brígh, ár g-cruth agus ár n-deilbh uainn. Agus do thuiteamar í d-taise agus i d-taoimneulaibh báis agus euga. Agus air theacht na maidne, air na mháireach, do bhíos féin 'san g-cruth easamhuil seo 'nna bh-feiceann sibh me, a uaisle, agus mo bhean chéile mar aon liom. Agus níor frith ioc no bálsam air fhaid an domhain móir go h-iomlán d'fhóirfeadh sinn chum teachta 'nn ár n-deilbh féin. Agus is fada do bhíos féin agus mo bhean a d-trom phéin agus a mór thinneas tar éis ól na dighe sin. Agus is é sin ádhbhar agus bun mo dhroch dheilbhe-se féin."

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

AN UNIQUE LECTURE.

[*Syracuse, N.Y., Catholic Sun, March 16.*]

Wonderful is the power of the human voice. Its varied powers in melody and eloquence were forcibly illustrated at the Bastable Theatre on last Sunday evening, when the Hon. John F. Finerty and Mr. M. J. Murphy charmingly entertained a brilliant gathering for two hours in recounting in song and story the ancient prowess and glory of the Celtic race.

Their novel style of entertainment is certainly one that commends itself to every intellectual community. It is an education in itself, and a most practical method of bringing the university to the people. The ardent advocates of university extension can take a pattern of incalculable benefit from this very healthy and practical mode of elevating the intellectual and moral tone of the people. The brief resume of the different periods in Irish history from the twelfth century down to the present time, as given by Mr. Finerty displayed a finesse in the art of condensation. He told the story of his race in an inimitable style and totally dismantled it of that arid flavor which is peculiar to narrative. He sprinkled it with wit, humor, interesting anecdote, lively illustrations, grotesque allusions and at times passionate appeals. While Mr. Finerty's methods or principles of attaining autonomy for Ireland belong to a different school in politics from ours, still, in the rush and vehement enthusiasm of his eloquence, one does not feel called upon to debate with oneself as to the matter of acquiescing or disagreeing with what is said. It is not what is said, but the manner in which it is said. His oratory is infactious, his personality dignified and his language ardent and appealing.

Mr. Finerty has an admirable partner in the person of Mr. M. J. Murphy who illustrates in song the hopes, joys, aspirations and sorrows of the Irish race at the different periods of history with which Mr. Finerty deals. Mr. Murphy's voice possesses those qualities of nature and art which are capable of leading the wildest and weirdest slogan and of charming the most cultured assemblage in the most conventional drawing room of Belgrave square or Fifth avenue. Mr. Murphy's voice is the *ore rotundo* set to the most charming musical melody.

Athletic Association Meeting.

The Central Council of the Gaelic Athletic Association will hold a meeting next Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, at 325 Dearborn street. Clubs are respectfully requested to send two delegates each.

J. W. DONNELLY, Pres.
E. A. O'KELLY, Sec.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

T. Shea, Tailor.
238 W. Harrison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

LITERARY.

St. Nicholas is to add another serial to its attractions for the present year, which have included Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer Abroad" and Rudyard Kipling's stories of the jungle. It is announced that the April number will contain the first chapters of a serial written and illustrated by Howard Pyle, the author of "Robin Hood" and "Men of Iron." It is called "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," and deals with life in America during the early colonial days. Through the treachery of an uncle, Jack Ballister, a sturdy English lad, and heir to a small estate, is transported to America, and sold in the Virginia colony as a redemptioner, or bond-servant, for seven years. The story is a long one, and will run for more than a year.

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Mail or bring one coupon and 10 cents to THE CITIZEN office and Part One, Two or Three will be delivered to you.

See advertisement on Sixth Page.

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BIG BARGAINS
FOR
EASTER.

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MADISON AND PEORIA STREETS.

50 New Spring Capes,
Navy, Tan and Black............98c
10 dozen New Wrappers,
Dark Color (the $1.00 kind)......59c
New Short Jackets,
Very Nobby, Havana and Navy. $2.98
1 Lot Ladies' Kid Gloves,
New Spring Shades and Black, worth $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50. A Special Bargain at..............49c
New China Silk,
All Colors, Yard...................15c
Heavy Apron Check Gingham,
..............................3½c
5,000 Yards Check Glass Toweling,
..............................5c
A Good Bleached Muslin,
at..............................4½c
Best Indigo Print,
Yard..............................4½c
Dress Goods,
10 Cases just received. Double Width Changeable Diagonal.....15c
54-inch Navy Serge,
only..............................29c
Double Width
Changeable Novelty.............19c

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AGENTS Wanted. Liberal Salary Paid. At home or to travel. Team furnished free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

AN ACCOMMODATING LION.

An athlete one vacation
Met a lion in privation
On a desert where the lion food was rare.
The lion was delighted
That the athlete he had sighted,
But the athlete wished that he had been elsewhere.

The athlete dared not fight him,
And he recalled an item
That was published in some journal he had read
Of a lion that retreated,
Disheartened and defeated,
When an unarmed hunter stood upon his head.

On this hint from print extracted
The athlete promptly acted
And brandished both his shoe heels high in air.
Upon his feat amazing
The lion sat a-gazing
And studied the phenomenon with care.

Said the lion: "This position
Is quite against tradition,
But I'll gladly eat you any way you choose.
Inverted perpendicular
Will do. I'm not particular!"
He finished him, beginning with his shoes.
—Tudor Jenks in St. Nicholas.

TWO TRAMPS.

The snow that lined the sides of what the railroad men of that section called the Brighton cut was, fortunately for two persons who suddenly found themselves transported from the cold hospitality of a freight car to the colder embraces of the wide, white world that encompassed the track, very deep. After a moment or two of partial insensibility, more the result of bewilderment than of actual physical hurt, these two lifted their heads up out of the white counterpane that clung to them like some active envelope and looked after the train that was now merely a mist of smoke and an echo faint beyond the curves of the forest.

"H'm," said the first one of the two derelicts to rise and shake the snow off his thin form, "that was a fearful breach of hospitality. We invest a common carrier, so termed in law, with the dignity of carrying such uncommon personages as ourselves, and this—this is the treatment we receive! Billy, this is a heathen country!" He took off his cap and passed eight long and bony fingers through his snow invested hair.

"D—n his eyes!" said Billy. He was a person of few words and fewer attractions. He was short, and his general effect was toward the loutish.

"Yes," the other replied, looking about him, "I have no doubt you are right. Billy, your explanation is a most agreeable one. It was owing to some curious defect in that brakeman's eyes doubtless that he failed to notice our high estate. If any part of him is to suffer condemnation, it is his eyes. Billy, I agree with you. Say it again!"

Billy for a brief minute looked as if he would like to include other and nearer eyes in his anathema. He contented himself, however, with a muttered "Argh!" a circular look at the prospect of sloping meadow land and a "What next, cully?"

"Stranded as we are upon an apparently shoreless sea of snow," responded the gentleman addressed as "cully," "our next move should be toward shelter." He paused to kick some snow out of a boot that was, as to the toes, overhospitable to the elements. "This is a dismal spot."

To tell the truth, the Brighton cut is one of the bleakest places in the state. The railway track comes winding down a steep grade until it reaches this cut. The soil thereabouts is not tillable, and there are no fences for over half a mile. A thin strip of forest shuts out the western view. On a gray afternoon in midwinter it looks very lonely, and there is something in the silence of it after the rattle of a freight train has echoed away that strikes a chill even when the sun is shining. It was no wonder, then, that to these two, just stranded there from the comparatively warm recesses of a lumber car, the place should seem decidedly dismal. They were used to dismal things, to be sure, but that ever present yearning for luxury and its attendant inexertion—a yearning that had made them what they were—rebelled at every repetition of the unwelcome reality. It is not necessary to state very particularly who these two were. The one with the tall frame and the taller language might have been a great many things—some of them great. The fact that he was none of these is explanation enough of his title as a tramp. As for the other one, it is doubtful whether he had ever had even possibilities. He was by lapse of all other capabilities a tramp for sure. Just as it is sufficient of a man to say that he is a king, so is it enough introduction to make certain that he is a tramp. These two were indubitably tramps. It was evident in the consummate grace with which they wore their curiously allotted clothes. It was patent in the air of nobility that stamped them as true lords of the air. It was on their breath.

"I may say without exaggeration," continued the taller of the two, "that this is a place unfit for such as we are to rest in. Wherefore let us reconnoiter."

As they passed up the slope toward the north it began to snow steadily. Over in the west the faint gray light of day was dimming to the almost colorless shade of white upon white. It was an arduous task, stamping through the drifting snow. From time to time one might have heard, had one been within earshot, the voice of Billy cursing as he walked.

* * * * * *

On what is known in that county as the Brighton Mill road there is for the most part a sprinkling of as fine farms as there are anywhere in the west. The farmhouses are well painted, and the barns are roomy and new enough to be the envy of many a man who has gone farther toward the plains and rented a log cabin. For a distance of about a mile east and west, however, this highway passes through a barren district that is marked by nothing save a tumble down shanty, with a roof the bricks of which have fallen eastward. This shanty stands at a point where the highway is nearest to that point on the railway known as the Brighton cut on the summit of the arid slope leading down to the rails. For a good many years this shanty had been the home, if one may use the word so lightly, of a certain Doc Middals, concerning whom but little seemed to be known, save that he was "baching it." Just what presumption of ownership or interest in the shanty or its suroundings went with Middals' system of occupation there seemed to be no one willing to testify. This Doc Middals was a queer fellow, who rarely spent more than a month or two at a time in the shanty, and his goings and comings were so erratic, his place so remote from the view of other habitations that the question of his presence or absence was always an open one. The farmers who passed on the highway had long since given up speculating on the subject. Middals frequently denied himself a fire even in midwinter, so not even the absence of smoke about the shattered chimney was proof positive of the man's presence elsewhere.

It was in this cottage that Lingo Dan—by this sobriquet was the taller of the two tramps, who had been lately deposited in the Brighton cut by an inhospitable brakeman, known in such circles as knew him at all intimately—and his partner Billy were housed about a week after their advent in that part of the country. By a marvelous, instinctive faculty of penetration of stilling his own curiosity, Lingo Dan had fully possessed himself of all the facts in connection with that shanty before he entered it.

Covered by the drifting of the snow, the presence of these two was absolutely unknown to a soul. In the driving storm that followed their arrival like a wail of omen all their tracks through the snow had been obliterated.

Looking out of the eastern window of the Middals shanty Lingo Dan gave a sigh of admiration. The sun was making a million diamonds dance about the crust of snow that stretched away over the fields and on the higwhay. It was like a rollicking cowboy shooting until his victims dance for dear life. Clear as crystal the air was intensely sensitive to tone. A faroff ringing of sleighbells sounded with a distinctness that belied distance. Out of the blue of the sky the glitter of the sun and the fierce purity of the snow there arose a splendid dazzlement that blinded unaccustomed eyes.

"It would be pathetic," mused Lingo Dan aloud after passing his hand over his eyes to shut out the glare that began to hurt him, "if we should find our opportunity on such a day. Look, Billy, what a day it is! H'm, I had not thought this country capable of so magnificent an effect. And yet, do you know, I think it is going to snow again before night?"

Billy offered no reply. He was engaged in cleaning out a rifle, and at intervals he contorted his face into a squint so that he might gauge the nicety of the barrel's internal polish.

"When I come to consider the matter," Lingo Dan went on, "I begin to regret my harsh words anent that brakeman. He was, as I now see it, an instrument of a benign Providence. Providence is indeed singularly benign. What could be handier to our purpose than this cottage and its associations? Occupied by a harmless hermit, it takes on all the innocuousness possible. Benign Providence! This man Middals is absent, leaving us his shanty and his shooting irons. Benign Providence! I feel it in my veins, now tingling with the excitation so beautiful a day has put me in, that there will presently come some one whose necessity is not so great as ours. In the interests of liberty and equality we must relieve his person of its valuables ere we release him. I trust he will not resist. I sincerely trust so. But if he does"— He looked at Billy's employment. "Is it clean?"

"Slick as grease," was Billy's answer.

"Benign Providence!"

It was as if in response to Lingo Dan's devout utterance that the eastern hilltop became at this moment slightly clouded with a fine powdery mist. Then the forms of two persons on horseback appeared upon the slope. It was evident that their ascent of the farther side had been accomplished at a canter. Even at that distance, so clear was the day, the breath from the horses' nostrils could be seen rising about them like a halo. At the first sight of them Lingo Dan, smiling unctuously, said, "Ah, Billy, our prey approaches."

"One?"

"No, there are two of them. They are riding. One is a man; the other, a woman. They are young. Judging by their present loitering and the interest each exhibits in the other, I should say they were lovers."

"No good; they ain't!" Billy gave the rifle a last vicious wipe and laid it upon a shelf.

"Haste, my boy, is a dangerous indulgence. I beg to differ. I think we are in particularly good luck. Such slight observance of the ways of my kind as I have been able to take has taught me that in certain walks of life a young man never permits himself the company of a young lady without being sure that he has money in his pocket. Yonder young man is of that walk in life. There are, you see, so many possibilities, such contingencies, that to provide one's self with money before providing one's self with a companion is merely to prove one's appreciation of the world we live in. This applies to a ride of an hour as well as to a marriage for life."

Billy was apparently used to such lengthy philosophics, for he replied as if unconscious of the other's wordy efforts, "Say, how about getting away?"

"Easy—ridicuously easy. After obtaining the reward of our exertions we drift gently down the slope to the railway, and presently boarding a freight turn our faces to the golden west. I have observed a ledge of rock from which we can easily propel ourselves onto the moving cars while the train is toiling up the steep grade of the cut. We will not be found, if we ever are, until many miles have been traversed. An alibi will be complete."

"But our tracks from here to the cut?"

"Billy, you are singularly slow. Do you see that cloud on the horizon? Before night it will snow. Our footmarks will be utterly wiped out."

Billy considered a moment. Then he said triumphantly: "But the impressions will harden this surface. They'll get onto us if ever they sweep away the new fall of snow."

Lingo Dan shrugged his shoulders. "Whence the inspiration of that remark I know not. I think you must have been reading Conan Doyle. Well, you can be quite sure that there are no Sherlock Holmeses in this part of the country. Dear me!"

At this last exclamation Billy looked curious. "What's up?" he asked.

For an instant or two Lingo Dan made no reply. He was looking intently at the highway on which the two riders were approaching. In point of fact, the occurrence that attracted his attention was singular enough. As they rode slowly side by side down the slope of the road that came to the shanty from the east the young man's left arm slowly disengaged itself from the reins of his horse and passed behind the waist of his human companion. Their bodies and their heads came gently, carefully together. The girl's hand went up to her chin, detaching the veil and relegating it to her forehead, and then her arm encircled the young man. Their faces met in a kiss. The horses' heads hung down, and their feet ambled leisurely. Tired after their hill climbing canter, they took this respite thankfully enough. It was a kiss that lasted longer than do most kisses. The adventurous circumstances and the perilous nature of their position tended to fill both these riders with the advisability of making the most of bliss. To them the kiss was but an infinitesimal instant of happiness. To any one not concerned in it its length would have seemed an eternity. All these things the watcher in the cottage observed.

"It is evident," he said presently, "that this is no ordinary case. They are lovers, but they are also more—they are eloping. This complicates matters. It makes our booty greater, but it increases the—h'm—the difficulty. Yes, I am afraid this will be a—what did we say in the Quadrangle—a mauvais quart d'heure?"

"What're you driving at?" Billy glowered at his companion in evident disgust at his high flown phrases.

"My dear Billy, here are the facts: Two persons when they elope are preparing for a future. Hence the young man lines his pockets before he starts. He lines his pockets, however, both from without and within. Realizing the risk he is running, he puts pistols in his hip pockets as well as a purse over his breast."

"I reckon that's likely."

"Thank you. Your acquiescence, Billy, soothes a spirit slightly ruffled by the prospect of discourtesy, for, to tell the truth, I fear we shall have to—h'm—silence these two first and inquire afterward. It would be so infernally unpleasant, you see, if he got the drop on us. Understand, then, that we are not to take risks. You, Billy, will sight for the girl. I'll take the man."

There was a click as Billy sent the hammer of his rifle to the full cock. Lingo Dan stretched out his long arm, picked up the other weapon and rested the barrel carefully on the window sill.

The riders were quite close to the house, and the love in the eyes of each shone out with a sort of spiritual brilliance. They leaned together again and joined lips in a long, delicious kiss.

And while they kissed two shots rang out on the crystal air.

* * * * * *

An old woman living on the outskirts of Libertytown rejoices in the peculiar sobriquet of Mrs. Early Worm. This is, one can only suppose, due to her habit of rising at a most infinitesimal hour in midwinter as well as in midsummer. As to her reasons for this singular course there is nothing but conjecture. She is said to have driven her husband to an early grave, and then, overcome by remorse, to have sworn to seek none but an early grave herself. However that may be, the things that Mrs. Early Worm saw on the morning of the 20th of February, 189—, are facts and have nothing to do with the realm of conjecture.

When she arose, the world was still, in spite of its coating of snow, very dark. There was light, to be sure, of that curious, indefinite gray that distinguishes the birth of a day in winter time. She was proceeding to the woodshed to pick up the usual armful of kindling wood for the kitchen stove when suddenly she said, "Land sakes! what is that?" and stood stock still in the middle of the yard.

What she saw was this: Through the gray dawn light that hung between the earth's white coverlet and the night's flying wings of sable there approached the apparition of two horses and two riders. In the gray haze they shone like angels of whiteness. That was the awful part of it—they were all white! Against the horizon, where night still held sway, their forms were cut as clearly as in ivory. As they came nearer the old woman, shivering now with cold and fear, observed that one rider was a man, the other a girl. They sat motionless, rigid, as if carved of marble. They were covered with frost from head to foot. They were white with the hue of cold. Their horses as they stepped rhythmically forward blew out mists of steam that came back to them frozen coatings of ice.

The old woman with an effort found energy enough to wrench herself out of the strange, lethargic fascination she had been in. She began to run as fast as her old legs could carry her toward the nearest house, about 100 yards away.

Presently the entire village was aroused to the presence of this ghastly phenomenon.

Heedless of the terror they occasioned, the horses stepped on with a tired and even gait.

And now it was observed that the riders were linked together—that the two were one—that here was some awful unity of horror. Their arms were intertwined, their faces touching. The man's right hand held his horse's reins and a hunting crop, while his left was about the girl's waist. Her right was about his shoulders, and her left held the reins. Their shoulders touched. It was as if they were hewn out of one stone.

But there was no breath from their nostrils. White as ghosts, still as eternity, they rode on into the heart of the village.

Numb with dread, no one dared approach them. All knew their faces well. No one spoke their names. Even curiosity was stifled in the greatness of their terror.

With the resonant clamor of iron shoes upon wood both horses ascended the slight sloping entrance to the livery barn. Roused by the sound, the liveryman came out of his office. He looked in dazed astonishment at these colorless, silent, motionless riders. He noticed what no one had yet seen—upon the breast of each a crimson stain, not quite hidden by the coating of frost.

"Great God," he said, "they're stone dead!"

* * * * * *

The sun, shimmering through the planks of a lumber car, part of a freight train traveling through the farther west, rested for an instant on the eyes of Lingo Dan as he slept the sleep of the careless. Its radiance woke him. He rubbed his eyes, gave Billy a nudge with his elbow and said: "Hello, Billy! Here we are again!"

"Oh," grunted Billy viciously, "you be d——d!"

"I admit it, Billy. I probably shall be. What for?. For gross incompetence in judging the idiocy of a man in love, for, I leave it to any one, is it conceivable that any one but a lunatic would start upon a voyage for life with a life companion without a sou in his pocket? A lunatic, Billy, is, as I now see, a simile for a man in love. Billy, when I was at college I played tennis. In tennis love means nothing. It is the same here. Let us go to sleep again. Great Greeley, without a sou, without a sou!"

Turning over, they went to sleep again.—J. Percival Pollard in San Francisco Argonaut.

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THE CITIZEN, 69 DEARBORN ST.

Famous Races.

The most extraordinary instance perhaps of the stoutness as well as speed of the race horse was afforded by Quibbler, who in December, 1786, ran 23 miles round the flat at Newmarket in 57 minutes and 10 seconds. In 1772 a mile was run by Firefly in 1 minute and 45 seconds, and Flying Childers ran over the Beacon course—4 miles 1 furlong 138 yards—in 7 minutes and 30 seconds.

In 1745 Mr. Thornton rode from Stretton to London, back and again to London, making 215 miles in 11 hours on a turnpike road and uneven ground, and when the wretched state of the roads at that period is considered the feat becomes truly remarkable.

Sir Robert Carey, when he rode from London to Edinburgh to inform King James of the death of Queen Elizabeth, is credited with doing a remarkable thing in having ridden 300 miles in less than three days. He did not come off scathless, for he had several falls and received many bruises, and he came into the king's presence all battered and blood stained.

During our Revolutionary war General Lafayette rode from his headquarters in Rhode Island to Boston, a distance of almost 70 miles, in seven hours, and immediately upon having an interview with Washington made the return journey in 6½ hours.

In this connection the famous ride of Nicks, or Dick Turpin, should not be forgotten. He had committed a robbery in London about 4 o'clock in the morning, and fearing arrest made for Gravesend, where he was ferried across the Thames and appeared the same night at 8 o'clock upon the Bowling Green of the city of York. He was nevertheless arrested, and upon his trial was acquitted, the jury deeming it physically impossible for the same horse to bear the same man 300 miles in 16 hours.—Boston Herald.

Alexander's Horse.

Bucephalus, the horse of Alexander the Great, was in all probability the most celebrated horse of which we have any knowledge. He was bought for the sum of 16 talents from Philonicus out of his breeding pastures of Pharsalia, and it is known that he was skewbald, or, in other words, white, clouded with large deep bay spots, this particular breed being valued by the Parthians above all others, but being disliked by the Romans because so easily seen in the dark.

Bucephalus was ridden by Alexander at the battle of the Hydaspes and there received his death wound. Disobedient for once to the command of his master, he galloped from the heat of the battle, brought Alexander to a place of safety, knelt, as was his custom, for him to alight, and having thus performed his duty trembled, dropped down and died.—Exchange.

THE GREAT DESERT.

THE AREA OF SAHARA NEARLY EQUAL TO THAT OF EUROPE.

A Barrier to the Progress of Civilization Which Engineering Skill Is Trying to Overcome—The Important Point In the Solution of the African Problem.

We have but to look upon the map to see how large a space upon the world's surface this mighty desert takes to itself. It covers more square miles than the whole of the Mediterranean. If it were transported across that sea, it would extinguish Europe, for it has been computed that if you leave out Scandinavia it would nearly cover the whole of it. If it were only sunk in the sea, the waves would roll over it, and it would be remembered no more forever.

But it insists on keeping its head above water and above ground, crowding out fertile portions of the earth, while its barrenness renders it unfit for human habitation. There it lies on the face of Africa, a huge black spot, deserted by man, as it seems to be accursed by God. No man passes by it or willingly puts his foot thereon. Even the lonely caravan that skims it like a bird leaves no track behind it any more than the bird in the air or the ship on the sea. It passes and is gone, leaving not a trace of life in man or beast or bird or any living thing. So far as we can see, the desert is an utterly worthless portion of the globe.

With such an incubus covering full half of northern Africa there would seem to be little hope of making anything out of it, since the cause which renders its condition so hopeless cannot be removed. You cannot abolish the desert any more than you can abolish the sea. There it is, and there it will remain forever. Yes, but you can get over the sea in ships or under it by telegraphs, so that it is no longer a bar to the intercourse of nations. Is there any way of taming the desert or subduing it so that it shall no longer be a barrier to the progress of civilization? This is the most important question to be settled as bearing upon the future of Africa.

Of course if it were left to the native inhabitants all things would continue as they were from the beginning of creation. Nor has Europe at large any interest in it. But there is one European power that has an interest in it. France has large possessions on this side of the Mediterranean. Algeria and Tunis together make a country as large as one of the kingdoms of Europe, which France has the ambition to enlarge still further, so as to have a great African empire, as England has her Indian empire. As part of the materials for this she has another great dependency in Senegambia, on the western coast, a country covering 400,000 square miles.

If this could in any way be united to Algeria, if the two could be consolidated, the new "empire" would at once assume vast proportions. But the desert blocks the way. It splits the proposed empire like a wedge. It cannot be removed, but is there not some way in which it can be converted into a keystone for the mighty arch that is to span the continent from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic? That is the problem which has long exercised the minds of French statesmen, and which they in turn have referred to their engineers, who are among the best in the world, with what result may be briefly indicated.

First of all, they have shown that it is possible to convert portions of the desert into oases by the sinking of artesian wells. A hundred and forty miles south of Biskra is the oasis of Tuggurt, which has long supported thousands of Arabs, with their flocks and herds, but which was nearly destroyed some years since by the wells becoming so choked up as to no longer furnish a supply of water. Vegetation withered until the wretched people, stripped of what was to them the very water of life and too ignorant to be able to renew the supply, were in despair and began to leave the country.

Then the French engineers took the matter in hand and instead of trying to clear out the old wells commenced boring the solid earth and in five weeks struck water to such a good purpose that a river rushed forth that yielded double the quantity furnished by the great well of Grenelle at Paris. To the Arabs it seemed a miracle, and they began to sing and dance in the wildest manner to express their joy. The miracle is one that can be wrought wherever men are willing to take the labor or to bear the expense. Of course to accomplish a large result in the way of pasturage or agriculture it would have to be repeated on a tremendous scale.

But for the purpose of uniting the two vast territories of Algeria and Senegambia the first necessity is that of direct communication, which can only be by a railroad across the desert of Sahara. Is this within the bounds of possibility? Nobody's opinion is of any value except that of an engineer, and that I have tried to obtain. In Algiers the American consul took me to see Mr. Broussais, who has made a special study of the subject and taken long journeys into the desert to survey the field of battle.

He did not conceal from himself the enormous difficulties of traveling 1,500 miles with the want of water, the want of wood for railroad ties, the want of everything. He looked in the face the possibilities of these sand storms, which might bury a railroad train, as they have buried a thousand caravans. All this he had taken into consideration, and yet, looking all obstacles and all dangers in the face, he did not hesitate to assure me that in his judgment a railroad across the desert of Sahara was quite within the resources of modern engineering.

But were the dream already fulfilled, the desert crossed and the tide of travel in full course, the whole African problem would not be solved. This would be one step toward it.—Cor. Evangelist.

WEDDINGS IN WALES.

Some Curious Marriage Customs That Still Exist Among the Peasantry.

Some quaint customs still survive among the peasantry of south Wales—at least in the remote villages. One of the oddest is the "bidding." When a young man and woman are engaged, a circular is printed—known as a "bidding letter"—and distributed at market and outside the chapels on Sunday, so that all may know of the event. The form is always the same and runs as follows:

> As we intend to enter the matrimonial state, we are encouraged by our friends to make a bidding on the occasion at the young man's father's house (here follow the address and date of the entertainment), when and where the favor of your good and agreeable company is most humbly solicited, and whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow on us will be thankfully received, warmly acknowledged and cheerfully repaid whenever called for on a similar occasion by your obedient servants,
>
> JOHN EVANS.
> JANE DAVIS.

All being ready on the day, a party goes to fetch the bride to the bidding. She hides and has to be sought for in all directions, but being at last found is escorted in triumph. Her procession is met by that of the bridegroom, and they all repair to the church, where the wedding ceremony takes place, after which all return to the groom's house to make merry and to count the gifts. These are generally in money and vary from a shilling up to half a sovereign.

Each item is carefully entered in a book by the "bidding clerk," together with the donor's name, so that it may be repaid when he or she marries. As all the money will probably not be called in for many years—some not at all, if the givers remain single—the young couple receive a tolerable start in life. Oddly enough, the bridegroom is expected to provide the kitchen clock and table, the glass cupboard and the kitchen dresser, also the bedstead. Each of the young people is supposed to bring half a dozen chairs, the bride's especial contribution being the bedding, the crockery ware, the parlor table and a chest of drawers. Things are done methodically in that part of the world.—London Tit-Bits.

Curing a Dead Man.

"I was employed to cure a dead man," said Dr. C. R. Gregg of St. Paul. "I was awakened during one night and found a lady awaiting me. She told me that her husband was very ill and for me to bring my medicine cases and some surgical instruments, as I might have to perform an operation to assist him to breathe. It was but two blocks from my office to the house of my patient, and as we entered the room where the man lay no one else was visible. At a glance I saw that he was dead. I told the wife that her husband was beyond the reach of mortal aid. 'He is not dead, and you must cure him,' she said and locked the door. Then going to a dressing case she procured a revolver. I saw that she had become crazed and was at the time a dangerous lunatic.

"Making the best of the situation, I began a surgical operation on the windpipe, the woman watching me closely. I worked with the corpse and prepared medicines for three or four hours, assuring the woman that I would save him if possible. Succeeding in disarming her fears, she began to have entire confidence in me, and when I fixed a potion and gave it to the corpse, seemingly taking a similar one myself, I induced her to take one in order to quiet her nerves, as it might be some time before any change took place in the condition of the patient. I soon had the satisfaction of seeing the woman fall upon the floor in an insensible condition, and I made my escape from the house, calling sufficient assistance to attend to the wants of the wife and prepare the husband for burial. But I don't want any more calls to resurrect the dead under the superintendance of a dangerous lunatic."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How He Explained It.

The affable young man was doing the polite to the very swagger young woman at a reception, and she was tolerating him because no swagger young man was in sight.

"May I escort you to the dining room?" he asked.

She hesitated and drew back.

"I'm sorry," she began.

"Thanks," he interrupted and disappeared.

That made her think a minute, and later in the evening she cornered him.

"Why did you say 'thanks' to me awhile ago?" she asked, quite reserved, but curious.

"Did I say that?" he said, with a faraway try to call it back again look in his honest eyes.

"Yes, you did."

"I didn't know I said it, really."

"Well, you did," she persisted, "and I want to know why."

"I presume," he responded, "it was a case of unconscious gratefulness." And he got away with some degree of precipitancy.—Detroit Free Press.

Postmasters and Stamps.

The postmaster who finds his office getting short of stamps makes out an order on a printed blank and sends it to the postoffice department at Washington. Here the postmaster's accounts are examined, and if his credit is good the order is approved, charged to his account and forwarded to the government agent at the factory where postage stamps are made. The government agent has the stamps counted, carefully packed and sent by registered mail to the postmaster, who sends a receipt for them to Washington.—Kate Field's Washington.

Couldn't See the Point.

"I can't see no fun in these newspaper jokes about plumbers' bills," said a wealthy plumber to a friend at the club.

"Neither do your customers see any fun in the bills," replied a friend who had recently paid a bill.—Texas Siftings.

The Trade In Maine Ashes.

"Maine burns more firewood to keep warm winters than any other eastern state," says a Maine man who has been in the business. "The wood is of better quality and makes better ashes than can be collected in Massachusetts or New Hampshire, and there's a sharp demand for Maine ashes in the middle and southern states for agricultural purposes. Great quantities are used in Massachusetts also. There are a number of dealers in Boston who make a business of collecting ashes through Maine for shipment. Carloads and carloads of them go out of the state by rail yearly, and shiploads are sent to Florida and Georgia, where they want the best hard wood article. They send north phosphate rock, and we send them ashes, and the trade is a benefit to both sections.

"There are some parts of Maine denominated 'prime' by the dealers, because they are in hard wood, maple and birch regions and do not burn much soft wood. In some of these localities there is a sharp competition in the business. Leached ashes from the potash and soap factories used to be shipped mostly, but they've gone out, and dry ashes are wanted. So much is this the case that one potash man I knew, a dishonest fellow, dried his leached ashes and shipped them as unleached. The potashes and local soap factories of Maine are run under by the demand for dry ashes and are going out of business. Probably the day is not far distant when dealers in Portland, Bangor and other Maine towns will look after this trade and do the shipping direct from Maine ports to the southern states. There is a large profit in it, if I am not mistaken."—Lewiston Journal.

In George Washington's Arms.

In Dr. Mines' volume of reminiscences, "A Tour Around New York," the author devotes a paragraph to the attractions of Battery park and adds a pleasing little story of a time before his own:

I remember a dear old lady who loved to talk about this park and tell of the people she had met here and the scenes she had witnessed, and of these one man and one morning's adventure stood out most prominent.

A little thing in white, her nurse had brought her to the park to witness a civic ceremony, and the crowd prevented her from obtaining a good view of the pageant.

As with a child's impatience she tried to press through the throng a tall and handsome elderly gentleman, clad in a suit of black velvet and with a dress sword at his side, stooped down to her, inquired pleasantly about her trouble and then lifted her upon his shoulder and held her there until the procession had passed.

Delighted with what she saw, the child thought little about the gentleman who had brushed away her trouble, but thanked him when he released her with a kiss and set her down upon the ground. As he moved away the nurse in an awestruck voice asked the child if she knew whose arms had held her and then told her that it was President Washington. The little eyes watched him out of sight and never forgot his stately appearance.

I think dear old Mrs. Atterbury was prouder of having been the heroine of this incident than of all the social honors that afterward fell to her lot.—Youth's Companion.

Detained by Public Business.

Mrs. Upjohn—Henry, you have kept us waiting dinner a long time. What detained you?

Mr. Upjohn—Business. Couldn't get away any sooner. Looks like snow, doesn't it?

"Yes. What was the nature of the business?"

"Public matters that wouldn't interest you. That coffee smells delicious. Is the steak all right?"

"Yes, the steak is all right. What were the public matters?"

"Tremendous crowd in front of a tall office building. I got right in the thick of it and couldn't get away. You had a headache when I went down town this morning. Is it better?"

"Yes, the headache is all gone. What"—

"How about these folks next door? Have they decided to rent their upper flat to that family from Kenwood?"

"No. They are going to let it to a newly married couple from the North Side. What was the crowd doing?"

"Why—why—why, it was—it was watching some men raise a safe to a sixth story window. Seems to me you're mighty inquisitive."—Chicago Tribune.

Faults In Conversation.

Dean Swift once said: "There are two faults in conversation which appear very different, yet arise from the same root and are equally blamable. I mean an impatience to interrupt others and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation are to entertain and improve those we are among or to receive those benefits ourselves, which whoever will consider cannot possibly run into either of those two errors, because when any man speaketh in company it is to be supposed he doth it for his hearers' sake and not his own, so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention if they are not willing to lend it, nor, on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession, because that is in the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

How He Felt.

It is told of one of the most austere bishops of the American Episcopal church that once when catechizing a class of boys he called attention to the disobedience of Jonah and the consequent punishment. To enforce the lesson he said in a stern way, "And, now, boys, how did Jonah feel when the whale swallowed him?" One bright lad answered, "I think he felt down in the mouth."—Philadelphia Press.

BRITISH VIEW OF THE KEARSARGE.

Why She Won Her Combat With the Confederate Commerce Destroyer.

The old Kearsarge, which sank the Alabama, herself came to a violent end, wrecked in the Caribbean sea, happily with the loss of but one life. It is 30 years since she fought her great fight off Cherbourg, so she has kept the seas a long time. She deserved an honored place on the retired list of the American navy, for she had claims on national gratitude only second to those of the Constitution.

Her fight with the Alabama was a duel conducted very much on the model of the personal contests in the age of chivalry. After a hot pursuit she had at last cornered the Confederate cruiser which had wrought so much ruin to American commerce, and it was well understood that pursuer or pursued must perish. She watched the mouth of Cherbourg harbor, which her enemy was under short notice to leave, and the fight was inevitable. The steamers in port came out to see it, and some of them carried excursion parties from Paris. The Kearsarge won by superior artillery, superior discipline, superior patriotism. Her crew had a nobler idea to fight for than the medley of mercenaries that crowded the privateer. These were a desperate gang, and they had given their officers endless trouble before the Kearsarge took the reformation of their manners in hand.

As the Alabama steamed out of harbor at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, June 19, she found her antagonist waiting for her, and the two approached each other in ever narrowing circles, firing all the time. The Kearsarge was better prepared for defense as well as for attack. Her commander had roughly armored her in the most vulnerable parts by laying all his spare chain cables in folds over the sides. The Alabama opened fire at a distance of about a mile, and when the ships had made seven complete circles she suddenly turned and headed for the land. She was sinking, for both shot and shell had reached her with fearful effect on ship and crew. A British yacht, the Deerhound, which had come out to see the fight, came up in time to save about 40 of the crew as they jumped for their lives. The last shot was fired as she went down. It was a glorious victory. We can say so with a clear conscience now, as The Daily News was among the few metropolitan journals that said so when it was won.—London News.

Van Beers' "La Sirene."

Jan Van Beers' first great hit, "La Sirene," representing a naval officer helping a pretty girl into a yacht gig, underwent some strange vicissitudes. The picture, as we are told, was exhibited at the Brussels salon, and having been distinguished by royal notice the critics and brother artists were soon in full cry. They declared that Jan Van Beers could not have produced such elaborateness of finish and minuteness of detail had it not been that he had painted over a photograph.

The pugnacious young Belgian did not sit quietly down under what he termed this "infamous assertion." The head of the young yachtswoman had been specially assailed, and he offered to allow his critics to scratch the head out and chemically destroy the colors down to the white canvas, and should there be found any trace of a photograph he pledged himself to pay over £1,000. On the other hand, should it be shown that the picture owed its art to the sole agency of brush and pencil, then his critics were to pay a like sum to his pet home for incurable idiots or some such institution.

Needless to say, the challenge was not taken up, but a short time after, while the picture was still in the gallery, the head of the lady was surreptitiously cut out and the picture otherwise defaced. Fortunately the painter was able to set it all right again with a few days' hard labor, and it now belongs to a wealthy South American lady and is understood to be in London. The right of reproduction was sold by the artist for 1,000 francs, and he believes the publisher who bought it made something like 100,000 francs profit out of it.—Pall Mall Budget.

The Guillotine.

The striking thing about the execution was the appalling quickness of it all. Action was so rapid from the instant the condemned appeared in the doorway of the prison to the moment the knife fell that it was almost impossible to distinguish the slight chain of incidents. He flung himself eagerly against the plank, was strapped to it, and in the flash of a glance the plank was pushed forward on the platform of the guillotine. An instant's vision of a recumbent figure, face downward. In the same moment a head, with two staring, wide open eyes, whirled almost defiantly, as it seemed, and with a slight zigzag movement to the rightward, while simultaneously the pinioned body rolled inert, convulsive, into the capacious basket, also at the right hand side of the guillotine. The swiftness, the mechanical promptness of the business, fairly stupefied the spectator. It was impossible to realize that a human life had ended in less time than it would take to draw a full breath. The guillotine had done its work well. There was scarcely a sense of horror in the sight.—New York World.

A Vivid Imagination.

Robert Collyer tells the story of a little girl with a vivid imagination which constantly led her into amazing extravagances regarding things which she claimed to have seen. One day after an extraordinary exhibition of her inventive powers her mother exclaimed in despair: "Oh, my dear, my dear, my dear! Don't you know that Ananias and Sapphira fell down dead on account of the lies they told? Don't you remember that terrible story?" "Oh, yes," responded the child, unabashed. "I saw them carried in after they fell down dead!"

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St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4729 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 81 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, [illegible] B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3840 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 288 W Chicago av; F S, [illegible] Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in school hall.

McMullen No 44—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
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HUNTING CASE.
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No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for..............$9.75

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No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for..............$9.50

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